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☞ In no event will the above terms be departed from, and those who don't consult their interests by paying in advance must not be placed on the same footing as those Let this fact be distinctly understood this time forward.

☞ Pay for your paper before you stop it, if you must. None but scalawags do otherwise. Don't be a scalawag—life's too short.

Cambria Freeman.

H. A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher.

"HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE."

$1.50 and postage per year, in advance.

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Advertising Rates.

The large and reliable circulation of the CAMBRIA FREEMAN commends it to the favorable consideration of advertisers, whose favors will be inserted at the following low rates:

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JOB PRINTING of all kind neatly and expeditiously executed at lowest prices. Don't you forget it.

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CHEAPEST!!

GEO. HUNTLEY
HAS NOW ON HAND THE
LARGEST, BEST AND MOST VARIED
STOCK OF
Hardware!
Stoves, Tinware,
HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS

that can be found in any one establishment in Pennsylvania. His stock comprises

COOK, PARLOR AND HEATING STOVES,
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of every description and of best quality;
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of all kinds and the best in the market. Also, a large stock of
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Glassware, Queensware, Silver-Plated Ware, Wood and Willow Ware, Wall Paper, Trunks and Valises, Revolvers, Anvils, Vises, Horse Shoes, Bar Iron, Rail Rod, Horse Nails, Carriage Bolts, Rivets, Mill Saws, Grindstones, Steel Shovels, Plow Moulds, Road Scoops;
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Table, Floor and Stair Oil Cloths,
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GROCERIES, TOBACCO AND SEGARS,
as well as thousands of other useful and needful articles. In fact, anything I haven't got or can't get on short notice is not worth buying, and what I offer for sale may always be relied on as FIRST-CLASS QUALITY, while they will invariably be
SOLD AT BOTTOM PRICES!
☞ Having had nearly THIRTY YEARS' EXPERIENCE in the sale of goods in my line, I am enabled to supply my customers with the very best in the market. Give me a liberal share of your patronage, then, and be convinced that the best is always the cheapest, and that it never pays to buy an inferior article simply because the price is low, as it is an indisputable fact that such goods are always the dearest in the end.
GEO. HUNTLEY.
Ebensburg, April 11, 1879.

ESTABLISHED FOR THIRTY-FIVE YEARS.

HAY BROTHERS,
Manufacturers,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
—OF—
TIN, COPPER,
—AND—
Sheet Iron Wares
AND DEALERS IN
HEATING, PARLOR and COOKING
STOVES,
SHEET METALS,
—AND—
HOUSE-FURNISHING GOODS GENERALLY.
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—MANUFACTURERS OF—
Tin, Copper and Sheet-Iron WARE,
—AND DEALERS IN—
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Eleventh Avenue, . Altoona, Pa.
One Door West of Opera House.
ROOFING AND SPOUTING
PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.
REPAIRS FOR STOVES CONSTANTLY ON HAND.
Altoona, Oct. 10, 1879.-tf.

$20 SAVED! $20
SAVED by purchasing a SEWING MACHINE of the undersigned, whose office is at 1004 Eleventh Avenue, between 10th and 11th Streets, Altoona, Pa., and who offers the editor of the CAMBRIA FREEMAN as reference. Sewing Machines repaired in a workmanlike manner at lowest prices.
J. McGRATH.
Altoona, April 18, 1881.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address JOHNSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

Cuticura

THE CUTICURA TREATMENT, for the cure of Skin, Scalp and Blood Diseases, consists in the internal use of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood purifier, and the external use of CUTICURA and CUTICURA SOAP, the great skin cures.

SALT RHEUM.
Will McDonald, 2542 Dearborn Street, Chicago, gratefully acknowledges a cure of Salt Rheum on head, neck, face, arms and legs for seventeen years; not able to walk except on hands and knees for one year; not able to help himself for eight years; tried hundreds of remedies; doctors pronounced his case hopeless; permanently cured by Cuticura Resolvent (blood purifier) internally, and Cuticura and Cuticura Soap (great skin cures) externally.

PSORIASIS.
H. E. Carpenter, Esq., Henderson, N. Y., cured of Psoriasis, or Leprosy, of twenty years' standing, by the CUTICURA RESOLVENT internally, and CUTICURA and CUTICURA SOAP externally. The most wonderful case on record. Cure certified to before a justice of the peace and prominent citizens. All afflicted with itching and scaly diseases should send to us for this testimonial in full.

SKIN DISEASE.
F. H. Drake, Esq., Detroit, Mich., suffered beyond all description from a skin disease which appeared on his hands, head and face, and nearly destroyed his eyes. The most careful doctoring failed to help him, and after all had failed he used the Cuticura Resolvent (blood purifier) internally, Cuticura and Cuticura Soap (the great skin cures) externally, and was cured, and has remained perfectly well until this day.

SKIN HUMORS.
Mrs. S. E. Whipple, Decatur, Mich., writes that her face, head and some parts of her body were almost raw. Head covered with scabs and sores. Suffered fearfully and tried everything. Permanently cured by Cuticura Resolvent (blood purifier) and Cuticura and Cuticura Soap (the great skin cures).

CUTICURA
Remedies are for sale by all druggists. Price of CUTICURA, a Medicinal Jelly, small boxes, 50 cts.; large boxes, $1. CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, $1 per bottle. CUTICURA MEDICINAL TOILET SOAP, 25c.; CUTICURA MEDICINAL SHAVING SOAP, 15c.; in bars for barbers and large consumers, 50c. Principal depot,
Depot, WEEKS & POTTER, Boston, Mass.

CATARRH
Sanford's Radical Cure.

Head Colds, Watery Discharges from the Nose and Eyes, Ringing Noises in the Head, Nervous Headache and Chills and Fever instantly relieved.

Choking, putrid mucus is dislodged, membrane cleansed, disinfected and healed, breath sweetened, smell, taste and hearing restored and constitutional ravages checked.

Cough, Bronchitis, Droppings into the Throat, Pains in the Chest, Dyspepsia, Wasting of Strength and Flesh, Loss of Sleep, &c., cured.

One bottle Radical Cure, one box Catarrhal Solvent and one Dr. Sanford's Inhaler, in one package, of all druggists, for $1. Ask for SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE. WEEKS & POTTER, Boston.

COLLINS' LIGHTNING
Is not quicker than COLLINS' VOLTAIC PLASTERS in relieving pain and Weakness of the Kidneys, Liver and Lungs, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Hysteria, Female Weakness, Malaria and Fever and Ague. Price 25 cts. Sold everywhere.
PLASTERS

ORPHANS' COURT SALE
—OF—
VALUABLE REAL ESTATE.

BY virtue of an order issuing out of the Orphans' Court of Cambria county, to me directed, I will expose to public sale, at the hotel of Nicholas Lambour, in the village of St. Nicholas, in Barr township, Cambria county, on

Saturday, the 28th day of January, 1882,

At 1 O'CLOCK, P. M., the following described real estate:

All that certain Piece or Parcel of Land

situate in Barr township, Cambria county, Pennsylvania, bounded by lands of Mich'l Kirsh, Rev. R. Wimmer, Joseph Fresh, and heirs of Anthony Heffele, deceased, containing **60 Acres**, more or less, about **45 Acres** of which are cleared, having thereon erected a two story FRAME HOUSE, LOG BARN and necessary outbuildings, in good repair.

☞ This farm is situated about two miles from the village of St. Nicholas, about four miles from Carrolltown, and is underlaid with a four foot vein of excellent coal. There is a school house within a quarter of a mile of the farm.

TERMS OF SALE.—One-third of the purchase money to be paid at the confirmation of the sale, and the remainder in two equal annual payments, with interest, to be secured by the judgment bond and mortgage of the purchaser.

H. J. KRUMENACHER,
Trustee to sell real estate of NICHOLAS HEFFELE, deceased. [1-6.-3t.]

FARM, SAW MILL, &c., at Private Sale.

THE undersigned offers for sale on accommodating terms his FARM and the improvements thereon in Allegheny township, on the road leading from Chest Springs to Gallitzin. Said Farm contains **175 Acres**, about **80 Acres** of which are cleared, and the improvements comprise two good DWELLING HOUSES, one of which is 1½ stories and the other 2½ stories high, an excellent BANK BARN, 70 by 50 feet, a WATER SAW MILL in first class condition and capable of sawing 3,000 feet of lumber in twelve hours, and all other necessary buildings. There are two orchards of choice fruit on the premises, several good springs convenient, one of them being in the barnyard and having a fountain pump and a constant flow, besides a good well of water at the door, and fully one million feet of good saw timber, hemlock, hickory, cherry, maple, ash, oak, etc., on the portion not yet cleared. In connection with the saw mill is a good picket-header, lathe saw, cut-off saw, etc. The property will be sold, and sold at a bargain, because the owner is no longer able to run the mill or work the farm. For further particulars call on or address
FRANCIS MORAN,
Dec. 2, 1881.-3m.* Chest Springs, Pa.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of JAMES BARNETT, deceased.

Letters testamentary on the estate of James Barnett, late of Allegheny township, Cambria county, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned by the Register of Wills of said county, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those who have claims against the same will present them for settlement, properly authenticated.

JOHN C. BARNETT, Executor.
Allegheny Twp., Jan. 6, 1882.-6t.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of MATTHEW DIGNAN, dec'd.

Letters of administration on the estate of Matthew Dignan, late of Gallitzin township, dec'd, having been issued to the undersigned by the Register of Cambria county, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same will present them properly probated for settlement.

ROBERT E. DIGNAN, Administrator.
Gallitzin Twp., Dec. 16, 1881.-6t.

STRAY HEIFER.—Came to the residence of the subscriber, in Blacklick township, Cambria county, on or about the 15th of August last, a white heifer with a few red spots on her head, a piece cut out of the right ear and a slit in the left one. Said heifer will be two years old next Spring. The owner is requested to come forward, prove property, pay charges and take her away; failing in which, she will be disposed of as the law directs.

ANDREW PRICE.
Blacklick Twp., Jan. 6, 1882.-3t.*

NOTICE.—The first and final account of John Wagner, Assignee of Peter A. McGough and William McGough, has been filed in the Prothonotary's Office of Cambria county, which will be presented for confirmation and allowance at the Argument Court, to be held at Ebensburg, on Tuesday, the 7th day of February next.

JOHN C. GATES, Prothonotary.
Prothonotary's Office, Ebensburg, Jan. 10, 1881.-3t.

T. W. DICK, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in building of T. J. Lloyd, dec'd, (first floor,) Centre street. All manner of legal business attended to satisfactorily and collections a specialty. [10-14.-tf.]

JOSEPH McDONALD,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
EBENSBURG, PA.
☞ Office in Colonnade Row, on Centre street.
Nov. 12, 1880.-tf.

"DIDST THOU BUT KNOW THE GIFT OF GOD."

Didst thou but know who at thy side
 Is ever near to guard and cherish,
When by temptation sorely tried,
 Whose arm upholds thee lest thou perish—
The guiding light, the grace and strength,
 To help thee thro' life's combat gaily,
And crown thee with success at length,
 Which, from on high, are given thee daily.

Didst thou but know the Heart that feels
 Compassion when thou'rt sad and weary,
The balm so soothingly that heals
 When all beside is cold and dreary—
The gentle tones that inward speak
 Of peace and hope 'mid earthly sorrow,
When joy around we vainly seek,
 Which tells us of a bright to-morrow.

Didst thou but know the patient Heart
 That waits and waits when earth allures thee,
And when its fleeting charms depart,
 The love unwearied which secures thee,
And then, beneath its sheltering wing,
 With fondest, tenderest care enfolds thee:
The more thou art a feeble thing,
 The more His pitying eye beholds thee.

Didst thou but know the secret grace
 Which spurs when weariness oppresses,
And when the good thou dost embrace,
 The kind paternal hand which blesses.
When doubts and fears would cloud thy soul,
 And shadows would at times surround thee,
Whence came the cheering light that stole
 Amidst the gloom then cast around thee?

Didst thou but know when trials press,
 And thou in loneliness are sighing,
What makes the thorns grow less and less,
 And shows the flowers beneath them lying;
The hidden gifts within the cross,
 More precious far than all earth's treasures,
Mingling with every pain and loss
 More joy than dwells in earthly pleasures.

Didst thou but know the priceless gifts
 Of grace and nature which are lent thee,
The secret thought which heavenward lifts,
 The inspirations which are sent thee,
The angel whispers which recall
 So gently to the path of duty:
Did we but know those treasures all,
 How much would life reveal of beauty.

—"*Moimene,*" *in Cork Examiner.*

THE COLONEL.

BY BRET HARTE.

What the Colonel's business was nobody knew, nor did anybody care particularly. He purchased for cash only, and never grumbled at the price of anything he wanted. Who could ask more than that?

Curious people occasionally wondered how, when it had been fully two years since the Colonel, with everybody else, abandoned Dutch Creek to the Chinese, he managed to spend money freely and lose considerable at cards and horse races. In fact, the keeper of one of the Challenge Hill saloons that the Colonel did not patronize, was once heard to wonder, absent mindedly, whether the Colonel hadn't a money mill somewhere where he turned out eagles and "slugs" (the coast name for fifty dollar gold pieces.)

When so important a personage as a barkeeper indulged publicly in the idea, the inhabitants of Challenge Hill like good Californians everywhere, considered themselves as in duty bound to give it grave consideration; so for a few days certain industrious professional gentlemen, who won money of the Colonel, carefully weighed some of the brightest pieces and tested them with acids, and sawed them in two and retired them and melted them and had the lumps assayed.

The result was a complete vindication to the Colonel, and a loss of considerable patronage to the indiscreet bar-keeper.

The Colonel was as good natured a man as had ever been known on Challenge Hill, but being mortal, the Colonel had his occasional times of despondency, and one of them occured after a series of races in which he had staked all on his bay mare Tipsie, and had lost.

Looking reproachfully at his beloved animal, he failed to heed the aching void of his pockets, and drinking deeply, swearing eloquently, and glaring defiantly at all mankind were equally unproductive of coin.

The boys at the saloon sympathize most feeling with the Colonel. They were increasing in their invitations to drink, and they exhibited considerable Christian forebearance when the Colonel savagely dissented from every one who advanced the proposition, no matter how incontrovertible But unappreciated sympathy grows decidedly tiresome to the giver, and it was with a feeling of relief that the boys saw the Colonel stride out of the saloon, mount Tipsie, and gallop furiously away.

Riding on horseback has always been considered an excellent sort of exercise. Riding is universally admitted to be one of the most healthful means of exhilers in the world, but when a man is so absorbed in this exercise that he will not stop to speak to his friend, and when his exhileration is so complete that he turns his eyes from all well meaning thumbs pointing significantly into doorways, through which a man has often passed while seeking bracing influence, it is only natural that people should express some wonder.

The Colonel was well known at Tobby Flat, Lone Hand, Blazier's Murderer's Bar, and several other villages through which he passed. As no one had been seen to precede him, betting men were soon offering odds that the Colonel was running away from somebody.

Strictly speaking they were wrong, but they had won all the money that had been staked against them, for within half an hour there passed over the same road an anxious looking individual, who reined up in front of the principal saloons of each place and inquired if the Colonel had passed.

Had the gallant Colonel known that he was followed and by whom, there certainly would have been an extra election held in the latter place very shortly after, for the pursuer was the constable, and for all officers of the law the Colonel possessed hatred.

On galloping away the Colonel followed the stage road, threaded the old mining camps on Dutch creek, but suddenly he turned out of the road and urged his horse through the youngest pines and bushes that grew thickly by the road while the constable rode on to the next camp.

There seemed to be no path through the thicket into which the Colonel had turned, but Tipsie walked between the trees and shrubs as if they were familiar objects of his stable yard.

Suddenly a voice from the bushes shouted:

"What's up?"

"Business—that's what."

"It's time," replied its owner, a bearded six-footer, emerged from the bushes and stroked Tipsie's nose with the freedom of an old acquaintance. "We ain't had a nip since last night, and here ain't a handful of flour or a cracker in the shanty. The old gal's gone back on ye?"

"Yes," replied the Colonel, ruefully; "lost every blarsted race. 'Twasn't her fault, bless her, she done her level best. Ev'ry body to home?"

"You bet," said the man. "All been a prayin' fer yer to turn up with the roan an' somethin' with more color than spring water. Come on."

The man lead the way and Tipsie and the Colonel followed, and the trio suddenly found themselves before a log hut, in front of which sat three solemn, disconsolate individuals, who looked appealing to to the Colonel.

"Mack'll tell you how it was, fellows," said the Colonel meekly, "while I picket the mare."

The Colonel was absent but a few minutes, but when he returned each of the four were armed with pistols and knives while Mack was distributing some dominoes made from a rather dirty flour sack.

"Better be an hour ahead than amiss in this 'ere night," said one of the four "I ain't so thirsty since I came around the horn in '50, an' we run out of water. Somebody'll get hurt if there ain't any bitters in the old concern; they will, or my name ain't Perkins."

"Don't count yer chickens 'fore they are hatched, Perky," said one of the crowd, adjusting the domino under the brim of hat. "Sposin there should be too many on us?"

"Stiddy, stiddy, Cranks!" remonstrated the Colonel,,, Nobody ever gits along if they 'low themselves to be skeered."

"Fact," chimed in the smallest and thinnest man in the party. "The Bible says suthin mighty hot 'bout that. I disremember exactly how it goes, but I've heard Parson Buzzh, down in Maine, preach a rippin' old sermon many a time. The old man never thort what a comfort those sermons wuz a' going to be to a road agent, though. The time we stopped Sam Mike's stage and he didn't have sense enough than to draw on me, them sermons wuz a perfect blessin' ter me—the thorns of 'em cleared my head sooner than a cock-tail. An——"

"I don't want to disturb Logroller's pius strain," interrupted the Colonel, "but ez it's Old Black that's arrivin' to-day instead of Sam Mike, and ez its Old Black allers makes good time, hadn't we better vamoose?

The door of the shanty was hastily closed, and the men filed through the thicket until near the road, when they marched rapidly on in parallel lines with it. After about an hour Perkins, who was leading, halted, and wiped his perspiring brow with his skirt sleeve.

"Fur enouph from home now," said he.

"'Taint no bein' a gentleman if yer have to work to hard."

"Safe enough, replied the Colonel, "We'll do the usual; I'll halt 'em; Logroller, tend to the driver; Cranks, take the boot, and Mark and Perk, take right and left; and I know it's tough—but considerin' how everlastin' eternal hard up we are, I reckon we will have to ask contributions from the ladies, too, ef there's any aboard; eh, boys?"

"Reckon so," replied Logroller, with a chuck'e that seemed to inspire his black domino with a merry wrinkle or two; 'what is the use of woman's rights if they don't ever have a chance of exercis'n 'em; havin' their purses borrowed 'ud show them the full doctrine in a bran new light."

"Come, come, boys," interposed the Colonel, "that's the crack of Old Black's whip; pick up your bush, quick! and jump when I whistle."

Each man secreted himself by the roadside. The stage was swinging along handsomely, those inside were laughing heartily at something, and Old Black was just giving a delicate touch to the flank of the off leader, when the Colonel gave a shrill, sharp whistle, and five men sprang into the road.

The horses stopped as suddenly as if it was a matter of comman occurrence. Old Black dropped the reins, crossed his legs and stared into the sky, and the passengers put out their heads with a rapidity equaled only by that with which they withdrew them as they saw the dominoes and revolvers of the road agents.

"Seems to be something the matter gentlemen," said the Colonel blandly, as he opened the door. "Won't you please get out? Don't trouble yourself to draw cos my friend here's got his weapon cocked and his fingers are nervous. Ain't got a handkerchief, hev you?" he asked of the first passenger that descended from the stage. Hey? Well, now that's lucky. Just put yer hands behind you so; that's it." And the unfortunate man's hands were securely tied behind him in an instant.

The remaining passenger's were treated with similar courtesy, and the Colonel and his friends examined the pockets of their captives. Old Black remained unmolested, for whoever heard of a stage driver having any money.

"Boys," said the Colonel, calling his brother agents aside, and calling receipts, "tain't much of a haul, but there's only one old woman, and she's old enough to be a feller's grandmother."

"Like enough she'll pan out more than all the rest of the stage put together." growled Cranks, carefully testing the thickness of a case of a gold watch, "Just like the low livdeceitfulness of some folks to hire an old to carry their money, so it'd go safer; mabbe what she's got ain't nothin' to some folks what's got good horses, an' ken win some at races, but——"

The Colonel abruptly closed the conversation and approached the stage. He was very chrivalrous, but Cranks sarcastic reference to Tipsie needed avenging, and as he could not consistently with business arrangements put an end to Cranks the only lady would have to suffer.

"I beg your pardon, ma'm," said the Colonel raising his hat with one hand while he drew open the coach door with the other, "but we're taking up a collection for some deserving objects. We wuz a goin to make the gentlemen fork over the hull amount, but ez they aint got enough we will have to bother you.

The old lady trembled felt for her pocketbook, and raised her veil. The Colonel looked into her face, slammed the stage door and, sitting on the hub of the wheels, stared vacantly into space. "Nothing?" queried Perkins in a whisper with a face full of genuine sympathy.

"No—yes,'" said the Colonel, dreamily. "That is, untie 'em and let the stage go ahead," he continued, springing to his feet; 'I'll hurry back to the cabin." The Colonel dashed into the bushes and left his followers so paralyzed with astonishment that Old Black afterward remarked that if there'd been anybody to mind his horses he could have cleaned out the whole crowd with his whip.

The passengers, now relieved of their weapons, were unbound, allowed to enter the stage, and the door was slammed upon which Old Black picked up his reins as if he had laid them down at the station while the Colonel's party hastened back to the hut, fondly inspecting as they went certain flasks they had obtained while transacting their business with the occupants of the stage.

Great was the surprise of the road agents as they entered the hut, for there stood the Colonel in a clean white shirt and a suit of clothing made from the limited wardrobe of the other members of the band.

But the suspicious Cranks speedily subordinated his wonder to his prudence as, laying on the table a heavy purse, he exclaimed:

"Come, Colonel, business before pleasure; let's divide and scatter. Ef anybody shou l hear about it and find our trail and ketch the brads in in our possession they might—"

"Divide yourselves," said the Colonel, with abruptness and a great oath; I don't want none of it."

"Colonel, said Perkins, removing his own domino and looking anxiously into the leadface, be you sick? Here's some bully brandy which I found in the passenger's pocket."

"It hain't nothing," replied the Colonel with averted eyes. "I'm going, and I'm retirin' from business forever."

"Ain't agoin' to turn evidence?" cried Cranks, grasping a pistol on the table.

"I'm goin' to make a lead mine of you ef you don't take that back!" roared the Col. with a bound that caused Cranks to drop the pistol and retire precipitately, apologizing as he went. "I'm agoin' ter tend to my own business and that's enough to keep anybody bizzy. Somebody lend me fifty dolly until I see him again.

Perkins pressed the money into the Colonel's hand, and within two minutes the Colonel was on Tipsie's back and galloping off in the direction the stage had taken.

He overtook it, passed it, and still he galloped on.

The people of Mud Gulch knew the Colonel well, and made it a rule not to be astonished at anything he did, but they made an exception to the rule when the Colonel canvassed the principal barrooms for men who wished to buy a horse, and when a gambler who was flush obtained Tipsie for twenty slugs—only $1,000—when the Colonel had always said that there was not gold enough on top of the ground to buy her, Mud Gulch experienced a decided sensation.

But when the Colonel, after remaining in the barber shop for half an hour, emerged with his face clean shaved and his hair nicely parted, betting was so wild that a coolheaded sporting man speedily made a fortune by betting against every theory that had been advanced.

Then the Colonel made a tour of the store and fitted himself with a new suit of clothes, carefully eschewing all the gorgeous patterns and pronounced colors so dear to the heart of the average miner. He bought a new hat and put on a pair of boots, and pruned his finger nails, and, stranger than all he mildly declined all invitations to drink.

As the Colonel stood at the door of the principal saloon where the stage always stops, the Challenge Hill constable was seen to approach the Colonel and tap him on the shoulder, when all the men who bet that the Colonel was dodging somebody claimed the stakes. But those who stood near the Colonel heard the Constable say:

"Colonel, I take it all back. When I saw you go out to Challenge Hill it came to me that you might be in the road agent business. But when I seed you sell Tipsie I knew I was on the wrong trail. I wouldn't suspect you now if all the stages in the world were robbed; and I'll give you satisfaction any way you want it."

"It's all right," said the Colonel, with a smile. The constable afterward said that nobody had any idea how curiously the Colonel smiled when his beard was off.

Suddenly the stage pulled up to the door with a crash, and the male passengers hurried into the saloon in a state of utter indignation and impecuniosity.

The story of the robbery attracted everybody, and during the excitement the Colonel slipped out quietly and opened the door of the stage. The old lady started and cried:

"George!"

And the Colonel jumped into the stage and, putting his arm tenderly around the trembling form of the old lady exclaimed: "Mother!"

◆

THE OLD, OLD STORY.—"Surely, you will not be false to me, George?" and the bright blue eyes of Elaine Jenkins look fondly up into the face of the man who bends over her so fondly, and whose words of love come to her troubled breast with the same sweet, soothing restfulness that a tired man feels when the throbs of his aching head are stilled and the demons of pain driven away by the touch of a wife's hand and the sound of her low, sweet voice.

"No, my little one," replied George W. Simpson, drawing the girl closer to him, "I will never deceive you, never do aught that would give you sorrow or pain. You have made a better man of me—dragged me, as it were, from the horrid maelstroom of draw poker and 25 cent drinks into whose deadly centre I was swiftly being drawn, and landed me in the beautiful Lotos Islands of your love—the pure, trusting passionate love of a heart that beats alone for me. Never fear, my darling, that I will leave you"—and, pressing a kiss upon the ripe, red lips that could make a cake jar look desolate, he went out into the starlit night and started down the street car track, where there was no danger of being interrupted by vehicles.

* * * * * * * * *

Ten years later.

Over the old front gate, thrown out of plumb so many, many times by George and Elaine hanging on to swap lies, the vines are growing. A little to the left is a grave, moss-covered and uncared for. Towser is dead. In the sun-kissed wood-shed back of the house a man is chopping wood. A woman comes to the back door.

"George?" she says.

"Yes."

"Supper's ready. Shoo the brats out of the alley and bring in some wood when you come."

"All right."

Heaven help them—they are married!—*Chicago Tribune.*

◆

THERE are six things requisite for a happy home. Integrity must be the architect, and Tidiness, the upholsterer; it must be warmed by Affection, and lighted up with Cheerfulness; and Industry must be the ventilator, renewing the atmosphere and bringing in fresh salubrity every day; while over all depends a protecting canopy, and nothing will suffice for this but the blessing of God.

OUR LOVED ONES GONE BEFORE.

They never quite leave us, our friends who have passed
 Through the shadows of death to the sunlight above.
A thousand sweet memories are holding them fast
 To the places they blessed with their presence and love.

The work which they left and the books which they read
Speak mutely, though still with an eloquence rare,
And the songs that they sung, and dear words that they said,
 Yet linger and sigh on the desolate air.

And oft when alone, and as oft in the throng,
 Or when evil allures us or sin draweth nigh,
A whisper comes gently, "Nay, do not the wrong,"
 And we feel that our weakness is pitied on high.

In the dew-threaded morn and the opaline eve,
 When the children are merry, or crimsoned with sleep,
We are comforted, even as lonely we grieve,
 For the thoughts of their rapture forbid us to weep.

We toil at our tasks in the burden and heat
 Of life's passionate noon. They are folded in peace.
It is well. We rejoice that their heaven is sweet,
 And one day for us the bitter will cease.

We too will go home o'er the river of rest,
 As the strong and the lovely before us have gone.
Our sun will go down in the beautiful west,
 To rise in the glory that circles the throne.

Until then we are bound by our love and our faith
 To the saints who are walking in Paradise fair;
They have passed beyond sight, at the touching of death,
 But they live, like ourselves, in God's infinite care.

A VERMONT COURTSHIP.

The icy brilliance of the freezing February sunshine was scintillating its Polar splendor over the pine thickets and snow-crushed wilderness of the "Gray Gorge"—a solitary valley amid the wooded heights of Vermont. The little brook was cased in steel blue armor of ice; the frozen mountain-crests lifted their bold and rocky peaks against the deep, dazzling blue of the winter sky; and the wind, as it rushed howling down the glen-shook the very foundation of the farm house in its mad glee.

"Yes, there they go," said Miss Pamela, lifting the corner of the window curtain to look down the long perspective of the winding road. "Four of 'em. In two cutters, with two wolf-robes, and two sets of sleigh, bells. And it's the third time that Ruth and Bessie have been asked out sleigh riding within a month, and nobody ever thinks of me!"

And it was a little strange, too, when one came to think of it. Miss Pamela Pipely was a plump young woman of three-and-thirty, with rosy cheeks, snapping black eyes, and a figure as straight and trim as a sapling pine.

She had not Ruth's melting, almond-shaped eyes, perhaps, nor the peachy pink of Bessie's radiant complexion, but she was universally acknowledged to be the best hand in pickling and preserving in all the country around,

She couldn't quote Swinburne or Jean Ingelow, but she managed her widowed brother's household with a firm gentle hand, and had a chest full of patchworks and bedquilts and crocheted tidies, in the big old garret up stairs.

In fact, Miss Pamela Pipely would have made a first class wife to any man living—if only the bachelors around Gray Gorge could have been brought to perceive a fact which was so manifestly to their advantage.

So Miss Pipely sat before the fire of blazings logs, all mossed over with silver gray fringe and bubbling out their resinous hearts before the fiery ordeal of the flames and knitted away at 'Squire Sam's gray mixed stockings, as if she were on a wager against Old Time, as was resolved to conquer at all hazards. And the dragon's head that was carved on the old mahogany chair opposite and the claw-legs and the queer little brass knobs scattered all over it seemed to wink soberly at her in the pleasant light as she worked. It was an heirloom in the family, that old chair, and the Pipelys were proud of it.

Just then there came the merry jingle of sleigh bells up the road like the peal of miniature laughter.

"Some one else out for a sleigh ride." thought Miss Pamela, without turning her head.

But, to her infinite amazement, the tiny peals ceased to chime; the sleigh had stopped.

"Good gracious!" said Miss Pamela taking a hurried observation from behind the netted fringe of the curtains, "it's Mr. Hedger. And he's coming here, too."

Mr. Hedger came in—a stout, middle-aged man, with light blue eyes shining behind his spectacles, brown hair just sprinkled with gray, and a seal muffler buttoned up to his very nose.

"Good morning, Miss Pamela!" said he pleasantly.

"Good morning!" said Miss Pamela.

"I've called on business," said Mr. Hedger, who was one of those uncanonized social martyrs, a bashful old bachelor.

Miss Pamela, to be sure, was an old maid, but she wasn't in the least degree bashful so that perhaps the two were not evenly matched.

"On business?" repeated the lady. "I'll call my brother at once."

"Oh, don't do that, Miss Pamela!" said Mr. Hedger, lifting his hand deprecatingly.

"No?" Miss Pamela raised her jet black eyebrows in some surprise.

"Because my business was with you, especially," he explained.

"Oh!"

Miss Pemela sat down again, mechanically crimping the borders of her apron with the finger and thumb of her left hand, while a very pretty blush crept over her face.

"I've been thinking it over for some time," said Mr. Hedger, rather abruptly.

"Have you?" said Miss Pamela.

And the crimping operation went on faster than ever.

"Of course I know it's taking a great liberty,,' said the gentleman apologetically.

"Oh, don't speak of it!" said the lady.

"And then you know we are almost strangers," he added.

"Oh, that makes no difference," said Miss Pamela, hurriedly.

"I can hardly muster courage to ask," said he.

'Don't be afraid," sweetly smiled the black-eyed damsel, wondering what Ruth and Bessie would say if they were to come home and find her engaged.

"You will forgive my audacity?" he murmured, moving his chair a trifle nearer.

"Of course," responded Miss Pipely.

"Well, then,' said Mr. Hedger, plunging headlong into the subject, "will you sell me that old mahogany dragon's head chair of yours for my collection of antiquities? I am told it has a record for a century and a half, and I have long been anxious to possess it. Expense will be no object to me, as my chief pleasure lies in accumulating these valuable objects of vertu."

Miss Pamela turned red and white—the folds of the apron fell from her hands.—Figuratively speaking, she froze over at once.

"I prefer to drive no bargain for any family relic," said she, stiffly.

"But—"

"I am sorry to disappoint you, but it is really quite out of the question," said Pamela.

"Might I continue to hope—"

"You may continue to hope nothing," severely spoke the lady.

And Mr. Hedger, beginning vaguely to suspect that something was wrong, stumbled awkwardly out of the room, while Pamela put her head down in her hands and began to cry a little.

"I thought he was going to propose," said she. "And I did like him—and I was just going to say yes. And to think that he only wanted that horrid old dragon's-head chair, after all."

In the wood-yard outside Mr. Hedger encountered 'Squire Samuel Pipely, who was splitting wood like a good-natured Goliath.

"Oh!" said the 'Squire. "'Pears to me you made a short stay, Hedger."

"I don't think your sister was pleased," said Mr. Hedger.

The 'Squire suspended his axe in mid-air.

"Not pleased!" said he. "Why, what on earth did you say to her?"

"I only asked if she would be willing to sell me the old claw-legged mahogany chair for my collection of antiques."

"And she said no."

"She said no, most emphatically."

The 'Squire struck his axe into the log' scratched his nose and chuckled.

"Ah!" said he. "Well, it ain' her fault, she couldn't say yes."

"Couldn't say yes?" echoed Hedger.

"My Grandfather Pipely was a queer old soul," said 'Squire Sam. "He left that chair to Pamela, you know."

"So I have understood," said Mr. Hedger.

"She never was to part with it unless she married," added the 'Squire.

"Unless she married?" repeated Mr. Hedger, vaguely.

"But in that case," said 'Squire Sam, seizing his axe again, "it was to become the joint property of herself and her husband."

"I never thought of that," said Mr. Hedger.

"Second thoughts are sometimes best thoughts," said the 'Squire, splitting away as for dear life.

"I've always admired her," said Hedger, "and I believe I'll go back."

"Just as you please," remarked 'Squire Sam.

Miss Pamela Pipely was sitting all alone by the fire, with a light flush on her cheek and moisture on her eyeglasses, while her knitting lay unheeded in her lap. She started at his re-entrance.

"Miss Pipely—" said the bachelor.

"Sir!" she cried, brushing away the dew from the lashes, which curled so prettily at their end, and trying to look unconcerned.

"If you won't give the old chair,' said Mr. Hedger, "will you give me yourself?"

"I don't know what you mean?" said Miss Pamela.

"Don't you?" said Mr. Hedger.

And then he sat down beside Miss Pamela, and explained himself.

"I never heard of such a thing in any life!" cried she hysterically.

"But don't you think it would be a capital idea?" urged Mr. Hedger.

"No—yes—perhaps!" said the lady.

"You'll think of it?" said he.

"Yes, I'll think of it," said she.

And so they became engaged, and Mr. Hedger added to his social status and his collection of antiques at the same time.—And they are just as happy as if it had been a case of love at first sight.

◆

A REMARKABLE GUN.—In the late war between Chili and Peru a curious accident befell an 8-inch Armstrong gun on board the Chilian war-ship Angamos. The last time it was fired the gun which was on deck slipped out of the trunnion ring, flew backward across the ship, and leaped into the sea. This was the singular end of a rather remarkable history. The gun was supplied to the Chilians before the war by Sir William Armstrong's firm, and proved a formidable terror to Peru. The Angamos was previously an Irish pig-boat, and was acquired by Chili for the purpose of carrying this one gun, which, standing off at long ranges of 10,000 yards or so, she could do with impunity. The Peruvians at length sent out the fleet of gunboats to destroy their waspish antagonist, when the other Chilian ships with their short rangers came into action, and drew off the gun-boats all but one, which was sent to engage the Angamos at close quarters. The Armstrong gun, however, sent a shower of Shrapnel bullets on to her decks, and the gunboat retreated. As she was nearing port, a pot shot from the 8-inch gun, fired at long range and high elevation, managed to hit and sink her. The gun therefore did plenty of hard work and valuable service before it finally gave way and was lost in the sea.

◆

THE SECRET OUT.—A reported dropped into one of our largest retail establishments yesterday, and held a conversation with the proprietor. "You have a great rush," remarked the reporter. "Yes," replied the proprietor, "a big rush—party because it is the holiday season, but mainly on account of advertising." "How can you tell when advertising pays, and what papers are good mediums?" I can tell that advertising pays by stopping my advertisements. I've tried it. Trade drops, not at once, but the tide of purchasers flows some other way. The cash receipts tell the story.' 'Suppose you should give up advertising?' 'You must keep the boilers heated if you want steam. If you bank your fires too long it takes time to start up. Advertising is the steam which keeps business moving. I've studied the matter.—*Ex.*

◆

ONE of the simplest and best known remedies to be given to children if they are troubled with worms is poplar bark. A well known physician has used this for years with marked success. It can be bought at any drug store. Take a little pinch of the bark, about as much as one would naturally take on the point of a penknife, and give it before breakfast. It has a clean, bitter taste and there is no difficulty in getting a child to take it.

◆

I WAS reduced to the verge of the grave with Leucorrhœa Uterine Catarrh and Amenorhœa. PERUNA cured.—MRS. A. W. JACKSON, Pittsburg, Pa.

AS A CANDIDATE.

THE EXPERIENCE OF A NEBRASKA NEWSPAPER MAN.

Our esteemed friend of the *Courier* was a candidate before the Republican convention for the offie of county clerk. The fact that his pole was not long enough to reach the desired persimmon was not because he would not make a good clerk if elected. But it was not because the policy of this country is to let newspaper men severely alone when offices are to be dished up. We cannot forbear taking this opportunity to sympathise with our friend, for we were an unsuccessful candidate once ourself, and we understand his experience was a good deal like ours.—In order to cheer and soothe him in his hour of affliction we will tell him our little story.

Some six or eight years ago we had the ambition to become county judge. It was not an office of great wealth, but what it lacked pecuniarily it made up in dignity.—The ponderous, heavy sounding and big bodied name of "judge" was not to be scornfully sneezed at. And it would be a great honor in after years to be able to swell up one's diaphragm and speak of the time when "we were on the bench," &c. Consequently we proposed to fasten to the judgeship. In pursuance of this project we confidentially whispered to certain friends that certain other of our friends had whispered the idea to us, and that while we didn't want the office, still; for the sake of harmony we might possibly, although with great reluctance, be prevailed upon to run, if the Democratic party desired it. When our friends went around and told how, without our wishes and in a great measure unbeknown to us, there seemed to be a spontaneous uprising of the bone and sinew of the county in order order to give us that tremendous office and its still more tremendous title. It was no doubt the reluctance on our part to accept this great office that induced sixteen of the twenty-eight delegates to come and see us each one separately and privately, before the convention came off, and tearfully insisted on our accepting the distinguished trust. Our continued labors for the party they said, were duly remembered. Our lack of legal knowledge, we were sympathizingly informed, did not disqualify us, as in that office no such knowledge was necessary.—Each one of the sixteen went away bathed in tears of joy, for we consented to go it.

We were unable to attend the convention, but afterwards heard that when it came off we did not quite get sixteen out of twenty-eight votes. In fact, when the votes were counted we seemed even to fall somewhat short of a majority. Perhaps you will be surprised, but we did not get twelve votes out of the twenty-eight. If the truth must be told we did not get nine votes. If we had had eight votes we should have been better off than we were. We are compelled to remark that had we received seven votes we should have been much encouraged, for seven is a lucky number. But we did not get seven, nor indeed six votes. It is a great cross to admit, but we lacked some of getting five votes. We should have been thankful if we had had three votes, as that is said to be a rising number. We certainly ought to have received two votes, and it is a great comfort to think that we probably should if some one had joined with the lone and lonesome delegate who voted for us.

Yes, we had one vote.

It has always been a source of gratification to reflect that when that vote was put in there was no convulsion of nature, no stopping the earth in its motion, nor even an earthquake. On the contrary everything continued the same as before. The sad and solitary vote was dropped so meekly and unobtrusively into the hat that no one would have noticed anything out of the ordinary course of events, unless, perhaps, that the delegate appeared to be a little ashamed of himself.

After the convention the sixteen delegates came, one after the other, and made us a visit of condolence. Each, with sorrow depicted on his countenance, expressed his deep regret, and stated how hard he had labored. It appeared that each one of the sixteen was the identical one who had voted for us. Such sympathy, so reliable and truthful, greatly calmed and encouraged us, and since then we always believe every word a delegate tells us. We afterwards learned, however, that the unfortunate man who did give us that one vote was not one of that friendly band of sixteen, but voted for us because he knew us less than the other candidates.

◆

A REMARKABLE STORY.

AN INTERESTING VISIT TO THE DELAWARE PENINSULA CYPRESS SWAMP.

The Wilmington (Del.) *News* of recent date says:

Cypress Swamp, in the lower end of the State, is a place of interest at any time. In the fall, however, when the little attractiveness with which summer clothes it has become the withered leaves of fall time, its wide acres are positively dismal. Last week I rambled over a portion of it. With the consoling thought that snakes and other creeping things, with which the soft earth abounds, were beginning to lose interest in things human, I gave freedom to my inclination and had a tolerably good time. The rain of the two weeks previous had extinguished the smoking embers of the fire that had been burning through the summer and the atmosphere was free of the stifling smoke that a month or two before hung heavily over the tree tops. These fires occur frequently and are caused by the carelessness of some one. The peculiar nature of Cypress Swamp is better understood.

For ten or fifteen feet below the surface the devouring element burrows, finding everywhere material upon which to feed. The soil is but decayed vegetable matter accumulated through centuries. Sometimes these fires insidiously eat their way beneath the fields of corn which grow here and there on the edge of the swamp, and frequently the rural inhabitant, upon waking in the morning, sees these fields scalloped with holes big enough in some places to comfortably take in his granary. The swamp is a mystery. At a time, with regard to which even tradition is silent, it had been a basin—a basin of considerable width and breadth, for the Indians had sat on its bottom, fed upon clams and oysters, and indolently smoked pipes in the shade of the cypress. The shell strata found in many places prove this. The cypresses which had shaded these aboriginal epicures many centuries ago now lie, or did years ago, before the shingle hunter came into the swamp, a fallen forest, with fifteen feet of swamp and acres of trees of another age growing thrifty above it. The swamp is an alluvial deposit. In its depths creeks of Indian River Bay find source, and the waters, dark with the soakings of vegetable matter, are carried by these on one side into Atlantic Ocean and by the Potomac River on the other side into the Chesapeake Bay.

The theory is that the streams of water which are now mere creeks were the channels up which elements in the process of gradual formation were carried and deposited. The forest of cypress timber gradually gave way until the trees became completely buried. This matter, which in time filled up the basin, has served to preserve the cypress. Very few of them, however, lie buried; for almost a century shingle hunters have thrived in the swamp. Among the many things of interest I saw were the cabins of these men. The shingle hunting industry is now almost extinct. Those engaged in the business work there for weeks. In dry weather, such as last summer, the soil of the swamp would crack in many places, and with the instinct which experience gave, the hunters would search for the fissures. Every crack indicated the spot where was buried cypress timber. The sign rarely failed.—After the tree had been resurrected then the "rivers" would come, and in a very short time the once-buried trunk would be converted into a large pile of shingles, which were then more profitable than now. Almost all the old buildings in Sussex county are roofed with these and many thousands were shipped to other States. This being before the time of railroads, the shingles were carried to Milford and other towns on the neighboring streams and thence shipped to dealers in large cities. Nothing now remains of this once lucrative business but the cabins in the swamp and the few gray headed rustics living hereabout who made the dollars in this way.

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.,
FRIDAY, - - - - JAN. 20, 1882.

THE New York *World* expresses its belief, based upon the comments of papers of all political denominations on the career and character of R. B. Hayes that Guiteau's great mistake was in not shooting a President four months or four years before he did.

"GOLDEN DAYS" is the name of a weekly publication for young people conducted by James Elverson, of Philadelphia, the yearly subscription price of which is $3.00. As it is specially designed for young persons the reading matter it contains is of the purest and most unobjectionable character. It will be furnished to subscribers weekly, or in monthly parts, each part consisting of five weekly numbers, with the leaves cut and enclosed in a strong and handsomely designed cover.

MR. JENNINGS, the intelligent London correspondent of the New York *World*, gives the following as his view of the present condition of Ireland:

> "It is certain, however, that even if the Land act were perfect there would be no peace. The people are, to put it mildly, opposed to all English law simply because it is English. The disease, in short, can only be cured by repeal, and repeal is out of the question. Mr. Gladstone may tinker and amend and Lord Salisbury may do likewise, but the only measure that can allay Irish discontent is the dismemberment of the empire, and that being impossible, we must make up our minds to have the Irish problem always with us."

WE were entirely premature in our statement that Guiteau's trial was about at an end, and that Judge Cox would probably charge the jury on Saturday last. It looks now as if the charge to the jury will not be delivered before next Monday. The prisoner's brother-in-law, Mr. Scoville, occupied the first three days of this week in his address to the jury, and Mr. Porter, of New York, who will follow him and make the concluding speech for the prosecution, will not likely get through before the adjournment of Court to-morrow, and possibly not then.

THE conference of the Independent, or Wolfe Republicans, in Philadelphia, on yesterday week, resulted in the adoption of a resolution for calling a State convention, to meet in that city on Wednesday, the 24th of May—just two weeks after the meeting of Cameron's machine convention on the 10th of the same month. Over two hundred delegates were present from about one-half the counties of the State, and, judging from the tone and temper of the proceedings, the coming campaign promises to be unusually interesting and exciting, and particularly so in the event of the Republican bosses nominating Beaver as their candidate for Governor, as they undoubtedly will, and as Beaver himself seems fully to understand.

THE *American Register* is the title of a new weekly Democratic paper established at Washington, the first number of which was issued about three months ago, and is under the editorial control of Hon. Thomas W. Bartley, late Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Ohio, and two other gentlemen, both of whom are old and experienced journalists. The *Register* has the unanimous endorsement of all the Democratic members of the United States Senate "as a vehicle of elevated thoughts, and the exponent of the views and principles of the National Democracy, and having seen some of the late numbers we have no hesitation in saying that the recommendation is well deserved. A journal at the seat of the general government, conducted with such marked ability and in such an elevated tone as the *Register*, deserves a most generous and liberal support at the hands of the national Democracy.

THE Lancaster *Intelligencer* meets the denial of certain Republican politicians that Beaver was nominated for Governor at a conference of some of the Pennsylvania bosses at Washington, by saying: "The truth is Beaver was nominated for Governor of Pennsylvania at the Republican National convention of Chicago in 1880, when he led the Pennsylvania delegation for Grant. There was no special conference about it. Don Cameron did it. And it stands yet." This is the secret of Beaver's selection. As a delegate to Chicago he betrayed the well-known Presidential preferences of the Republicans in his district in favor of Blaine, and was one of the 306 who stood solidly for Cameron's candidate, Grant, and Cameron now intends to fulfill his part of the bargain then made by nominating the 'Christian gentleman and able lawyer," of Centre county as his candidate for Governor. He will do it, too, and don't you forget it.

A FEW Sundays ago, in the pulpit of Plymouth church, Henry Ward Beecher made the charge that the loss of virtue was made the condition of giving places to female teachers in the Department of Education in Brooklyn. The Board of Education, viewing the charge as an imputation upon every female teacher and upon every member of the Board, appointed a committee to call upon Beecher and demand of him either to deny that he had said what he was reported to have said, or to make the assertion good. On Sunday last Beecher, before announcing the text for his sermon, said that a sentence in a discourse recently delivered by him was fairly liable to the construction that had been placed upon it, but emphatically disavowed any such intent, withdrawing the sentence as publicly as he had uttered it, and in the same place. Mr. Beecher's great weakness in the pulpit is a habit of saying something that will produce a sensation, and in order to effect his purpose he wags a very loose tongue. Humiliating as it must have been, will perhaps be of service to him in the future. His recantation was a square backing down, and one cannot but admire the courage he displayed in facing the music, and boldly escaping from a very embarrassing position.

IF State Senator Harry Boggs, of this district knows anything about who will be the Republican candidate for Governor, and what his majority will be, and we admit that he is correct as to the first proposition, but is away off on the side of the tow-path with respect to the second, the Democrats and independent Republicans may as well confess defeat in advance. Boggs attended the meeting of the Republican State Committee, held in Philadelphia on Wednesday of last week, and if the substance of the four speeches which he then and there delivered is correctly reported in the *Times* and *Ledger*, of that city, Don Cameron has no more devoted henchman in the State than the Senator from Cambria; Beaver will be nominated and his majority will be—well, anything that your fancy may suggest, and no questions asked. In his *first* speech Boggs predicted a majority of 30,000; in his *second* he went twenty thousand better and made it 50,000; in his *third* the speaker increasing in strength of language and power of gesticulation, raised Beaver's majority to 75,000, and in his *fourth* effort, rising to the full height of the occasion, he ran it away up to 100,000. Has our Senator ever heard of the prophetess Cassandra and how her vaticinations were received? During the last Presidential campaign, John Cessna, chairman of the Republican State Committee, advanced the theory that the people vote through their eyes, and recommended that in processions Garfield should be represented on a large transparency as a bare-footed boy, with his pants rolled up to his knees, driving a mule hitched to the tow-line of a canal-boat. Boggs' idea of the intelligence of the people is akin to that of Cessna, with a slight variation, *his* plan of electing Beaver being, as he informed the committee, to place a photograph of the wooden-legged soldier at the opening of the campaign in every school-house in the State. As the children who attend the common schools are not voters to any considerable extent, Boggs' pictorial method of carrying Beaver through on a tidal wave of enthusiasm is considerably mixed. The Senator has laid down his programme, or plan of battle, and we hope it will be adopted and made the grand feature of the campaign. Whether the people vote through their eyes, as he and Cessna imagine they do, or whether they arrive at conclusions through a very different and more intelligent process, will then be fully and we hope finally demonstrated.

TWENTY-TWO years ago the Republican party, at its National convention, in Chicago, arrayed itself against polygamy, declaring it to be a "relic of barbarism," and that it ought to be suppressed. The same declaration has been substantially repeated at every Republican National convention since that time, and every Republican President, in his inaugural address, has avowed his settled determination to put an end to Mormonism. But polygamy still flourishes in Utah and in some of the other territories, and that too in the face of the fact that the Republican's have been in continuous power since Lincoln's first election in 1860. They now propose to commence the uprooting of polygamy by refusing to admit Cannon, the delegate from Utah, who is a Mormon and who received 18,000 votes to 1,300 against him. The Democratic members of Congress are not willing to stultify themselves by assisting the Republicans to bring about this result, preferring the legal and common sense ground assumed by Mr. Cox, of New York, that a man's right to his seat in Congress is to be determined from the number of votes he received, rather than by the number of his wives. For assuming this plain position the Democratic party is denounced as aiding and abetting the sin of Mormonism, whereas the question of Mormonism has nothing to do with it; but the simple question to be inquired into is, who was elected? Cannon has been in Congress eight years and the Republicans could have refused to admit him when he first presented himself, but they did nothing of the kind. So far as any practical legislation looking to the suppression of polygamy is concerned, the present Republican Congress will not advance further in that direction than to reach some half way stopping place, out of which they will expect to make a little cheap political capital at the next Presidential election.

THE Johnstown *Tribune* thinks that "Tennessee is another Southern State which is practically unsolidified," meaning thereby that Tennessee, unlike Virginia, has not yet espoused the infamous doctrine of repudiation, and endorses by quoting certain predictions in regard to Southern politics made by Mr. Moore, who represents the Memphis district in Congress, and whose bright and promising career in that body we gave our readers a foretaste two weeks ago. Mr. Moore says: "the Liberal movement (by which he means repudiation) is growing in Tennessee," that "we (the Republicans) have received propositions recently from the State credit Democrats (Repudiationists) which we will probably accept," and that "with the recognition and support which I (Moore) feel sure this administration will give, the Republican party will win every time." There is more of the same sort, but this is enough, and it all means that Moore proposes to become the Mahone of Tennessee and that he feels certain of receiving the same aid and assistance from Mr. Arthur that the President extended to the Virginia freebooter. Moore has the undoubted privilege of acting the scoundrel by cheating the honest creditors of Tennessee in the same way that Mahone is now trying to do the same thing in Virginia, but that a Republican paper in this State like the *Tribune* should endorse the dishonest purposes of this Tennessee bushwhacker of State credit, is an evil omen and is an indication that in some portions of even old Pennsylvania honesty is not regarded as the best policy. But then Grant endorsed Mahone in a letter, and the *Tribune* always swears by Grant, except in the case of Fitz-John Porter.

THE lower branch of the New York Legislature had not, up to Wednesday, elected a Speaker.

A TIMELY THOUGHT.

There is not an intelligent Democratic voter in the Commonwealth who does not fully comprehend the importance of this year's elections. So full of weight are the issues before us that the leaders are already looking over the field with an eye to the great battle that is to be fought in November. With so many weeks before us it will surely greatly to the discredit of the Pennsylvania Democracy if they fail in perfecting a strong active and aggressive organization for the fierce conflict of 1882. In order to do this the one thing necessary is to see that the districts are thoroughly recruited and officered. This lies with the voters themselves, who must take interest enough in the primaries to see that only good and faithful Democrats are advanced to positions of confidence in the preliminary labors of the conventions. One of the most important accessories of the November fight is the selection of strong, local tickets. Herein will lie a great part of that force which will contribute very largely to a general victory.

Let the voters of the several counties in the State, therefore, see to it that the very best men are nominated for place by local conventions. The stronger we make these tickets the safer it will be for the higher candidates, and it should be the steadfast determination of Democratic voters everywhere this year to ignore the claims of those mouthing political place-hunters who turn up regularly at the local conventions begging something at the hands of the party. This should be a year for men and not mountebanks; for the loyal and not for the longing; for the true and not for the troublesome. A new inspiration should be given to the cause this year by the naming of local tickets that would awaken surprise at their strength and enthusiasm by their popularity. And if this is not done the fault will properly lie at the door of the common voter. Certainly there have been warnings enough to suggest the true policy of party men in Pennsylvania. Elsewhere than in Luzerne the Democrats have paid dearly for their faction quarrels, and it is high time that the rank and file should begin to throw aside the petty jealousies that always lead to disaster and the cheap bickerings that end only in defeat. Let us for once come out into the open field with our best men in command and the district guidons fluttering over united and enthusiastic columns.

With the district battalions so recruited and organized, it will be left then for the party to choose a bold, aggressive leader—a man whose very name would raise a shout all along the lines, and whose headquarters would be in the saddle from the moment he took command till the eventful day of battle. Such a leader may be chosen. That he shall be chosen rests entirely with the Democratic voters. The humblest man in the ranks has a duty to perform in this respect. There are no bosses to conciliate, no machine to dictate. It is for the people to decide who shall lead them, and as this thought becomes generally diffused and finds lodgment in the patriotic hearts of the rank and file of the Democratic army of Pennsylvania, victory will shape itself for 1882.—*Wilkes-Barre Union-Leader.*

SOME INTERESTING STATISTICS.—Henry Gannett, the Geographer of the Census, gives some very interesting facts showing the approximate areas of the several States and Territories. It is probably well known that Texas, with its area of 262,290 square miles, is the largest of the States, and that Rhode Island, with its 1,085 square miles, is the smallest, although it has two United States Senators the same as Texas.

It is not perhaps so well known that Nye county Nevada, is the largest county in the United States, covering 24,000 square miles; or that San Bernardino, California with 23,000 miles, is the next largest, or that California has four other counties, each of them as large as Massachusetts, three that are each larger than Connecticut, and fifteen others that are each larger than Delaware; or, that Sioux county, Nebraska, contains 21,070 square miles. Oregon also has several large counties, Grant, Umatilla and Lake, containing 17,500, 14,260 and 12,000 square miles. Presido, with 12,500 miles is the largest county in Texas. The smallest county in the United States is New York, State of New York, and it has the largest population. It has only an area of twenty square miles, while Philadelphia county has an area of 130, and is the smallest county is Pennsylvania.

In order of size the several States rank as follows, the figures showing the square miles:

Texas	262,292	Mississippi	46,840
California	155,980	Louisiana	54,420
Nevada	109,740	Pennsylvania	44,985
Colorado	103,645	Tennessee	41,850
Oregon	94,560	Ohio	40,760
Kansas	81,700	Virginia	40,125
Minnesota	79,205	Kentucky	40,000
Nebraska	76,185	Indiana	35,910
Missouri	68,735	S. Carolina	30,170
Georgia	68,980	Maine	29,895
Michigan	57,430	West Virginia	24,645
Illinois	56,000	Maryland	9,860
Iowa	55,475	Vermont	9,134
Wisconsin	54,450	N. Hampshire	9,001
Florida	54,234	Massachusetts	8,040
Arkansas	53,045	New Jersey	7,455
Alabama	51,240	Connecticut	4,845
N. Carolina	48,580	Delaware	1,965
New York	47,620	Rhode Island	1,080

The largest of the Territories is Dakota, with 147,700 square miles, and the largest county in any of the Territories is Custer county, Montana, with 36,500 square miles.

The statistics of water surface—lakes ponds, bays and rivers—in the several States and Territories present in startling figures the extreme aridity of New Mexico and Arizona, with only 120 and 100 square miles respectively, and the marked contrary characteristics of Florida, with 4,440; Minnesota, 4,160; North Carolina, 3,570, and Maine, 3,145 miles of river lake and inlet area.

The total water surface of this remarkable country—States, Territories, and last, but not least, the District of Columbia—is given at 55,600 square miles, and the gross area, land and water, 3,045,600 square miles, inhabited by sixteen persons and a fraction to each mile.—*Wilkes-Barre Union-Leader.*

THE BATTLE OF 1882.—Perhaps the most important political battle of the century is to be fought in Pennsylvania in 1882. A Democratic victory then will assure the next Presidency to that party, while a defeat by a decisive majority will give to the Republicans an assurance that if they can raise money enough to buy two or three States in 1882 as they did in 1880 they may still perpetuate their power by the same corrupt means that have secured the party existence in the past. But, Democratic success in Pennsylvania in 1882 will depend upon the Democratic leadership—in fact, upon the nominee of that party for Governor. Of course, organization, systematic and thorough, is necessary, but even that will be no good if we do not have a leader equal to and worthy of the occasion. None but a bold, brave, fighting, aggressive leader, of great power, energy and courage will do—in short, one to whom every Democrat may point as a proper man. If it be one sought by the party it will be much better than one who seeks party preferment, or the mere party honors. If the Democratic masses will attend to this business, and elect none but intelligent and experienced men of ability to their convention, there will be no trouble in securing such a nominee, but tom tit delegates are sure to nominate candidates of the same order.—*Clinton Democrat.*

I HAD Chronic Catarrh for years. PERUNA cured it.—R. I. STRASBURGER. Pittsb'g.

HUMAN BEINGS BURNED TO A CRISP.

TERRIBLE COLLISION AND LOSS OF LIFE ON THE NEW YORK CENTRAL RAILROAD.

A New York dispatch to the Philadelphia *Times*, dated Friday last, says: There was a terrible accident on the New York Central railroad to-night. The Atlantic Express, which was due in this city at 7 o'clock this evening, was thirty-five minutes late in leaving Albany. It ran at a high rate of speed and had nearly made up its lost time before reaching Spuyten Duyvil. There were thirteen cars on the train. Six were parlor cars. These were the Red Jacket, Vanderbilt, Sharon, Minnehaha, Empire and Idlewild. There were four passenger coaches, two mail cars and one express car. The train had passed Spuyten Duyvil and had gone about a third of a mile when one of the air brakes gave out and the train was brought to a stop about two hundred yards from Spuyten Duyvil curve. This curve is one of the sharpest on the road and an approaching train could not be seen beyond the curve. The train was delayed five or six minutes while workmen were engaged examining and repairing the brake. A local train for passengers left Tarrytown about 6:35, shortly after the train had passed and left Spuyten Duyvil at 7:07, being due at the Grand Central depot at 7:30.

The only men that can tell what safeguards had been employed on the Atlantic express to warn approaching trains from the rear, so far as can be learned, are Park Valentine, of Bennington, Vt., a passenger, and the rear brakeman, whose name is said to be George Mealius. Mr. Valentine says that he was standing on the rear platform of the palace car Idlewild, which was the last car on the express train when suddenly a light was visible around Spuyten Duyvil curve, about two hundred yards back. The brakeman stood on the track five or six feet from the rear car, with a red lantern and a white lantern. As soon as the light of the approaching train flashed around the curve, Mr. Valentine says the brakeman sprang forward and ran quickly down the track, swinging his lantern. Mr. Valentine said that everyone expected to see the approaching train stop; but it came on apparently under full headway. Seeing that a collision was inevitable, as the train drew near he jumped from the platform and escaped without injury. In the doorway Mr. Valentine remembers to have seen a small slight man, whom he could not identify. As the approaching train struck the express the small man jumped back into the palace car and Mr. Valentine says that as near as he can remember there were ten or twelve persons in the Idlewild. He believes that not one could have escaped. The locomotive No. 84, of the Tarrytown train, was in charge of Engineer Frank Burr and Fireman Quaney Burr. The former was slightly injured about the head and Quaney escaped uninjured. Both declined to-night to give their version of the cause of the collision.

The locomotive crushed into the rear compartments of the rear parlor car, and the car was telescoped with the rear of the parlor car Empire in front of it. So far as could be learned, nobody escaped from the rear car to tell the story of the disaster. The wrecked cars were almost immediately wrapped in flames. The stove had overturned, and the live coals finished the work of destruction. Before the police and firemen, with ladder and apparatus for extinguishing fires, had arrived, a dozen of persons had been suffocated. It is not probable that more than one or two were killed outright by the collision. About the middle of the rear car sat Park Valentine, 22 years of age, son of the gentleman who stood at the rear of the car and escaped. Valentine was on his wedding trip, having been married to Miss Louise Gaylord, of North Adams, Massachusetts, on Thursday night. Both bride and groom perished in the flames. Lieutenant Governor Barstow, of Vermont, who was with the bridal party, had gone to a forward car and he escaped uninjured. Near them in the car sat a large, handsomely dressed woman, apparently about forty years of age. Her body was first recovered from the debris. Among the passengers in the drawing-room cars were many members of the Legislature, including Senator Webster Wagner and other well-known politicians. It is believed that all of the ten or twelve persons in the rear car perished. Senator Webster Wagner was last seen a moment before the accident going from the second car from the rear to the rear car, and there is no doubt that he is among the victims. The number of those who perished in the second car from the rear is not known, but there seems to be reason for believing that all of the passengers were not rescued.

A passenger who was in the rear of the parlor car Empire says: "I was standing in the aisle chatting with Major Charles Ulrich, commissioner of emigration, when the crash came. There was a shrill shriek of a locomotive close behind us, a sudden crash like an explosion and the car became almost dark and glass and splinters and dust filled the air. Something struck me on the head and I was half-stunned for a moment. When I recovered my senses I found my head in contact with a roof ventilator. I thought for an instant that the car had been overturned and was lying on its side, but I soon found that it was upright on the track and that the roof of the rear car had crushed through the roof of our car. There were shrieks and groans, and above all the piercing cries of women. I found myself close against a car window and drove my elbow through it. I was on the west side of the car and looked out upon a stony and slippery embankment. Just then somebody shouted 'This way!' from the other side of the car. I started across the aisle, over broken seats and debris, to a window, through which other passengers had escaped. The groans or the cries of a man entangled among the seats attracted my attention. I tugged at his coat tails and assisted him to his feet. He speedily scrambled out of the window to a place of safety and I followed him. Mr. G. F. Spinney, of the New York *Times*, was I believe, the last man out of the car.

"Within five minutes after the crash the two rear cars were in flames. The passengers stood in the snow and mud on the slippery embankment and saw the fire darting through the wreck of the two cars, powerless to assist those within, who were groaning and screaming for succor. The villagers quickly gathered at the scene of the disaster and rendered such aid as they could, but it was several minutes before water, carried in pails, could be thrown upon the flames. Men and boys rolled huge balls of damp snow and hurled it through the car windows, which other men had broken with fragments of the wreck. No faces appeared at the car windows, but cries in a dozen of voices were heard from within. It was evident that they came from persons pinned fast beneath the debris and unable to escape."

In the pocket of the woman whose body was first taken from the wreck was found a visiting card bearing the name: "Mrs. Maude Brown, 435 West Forty-third street." A letter in her pocket was dated from the office of George M. Pinney, 58 Broadway, and was apparently written by her husband, Mr. Brown. A slip of paper on which was written "Dr. Watts, 49 West Thirty sixth street," was in her pocket book. Miss Mary Daniels, who was on her way from Troy to visit friends in New York, was rescued alive. She suffered contusions and burns, but will recover. Oliver Keely, a stove manufacturer, of Spring City, Pa., was taken out through a window in a dying condition. His right arm was burned off nearly to the shoulder and he was internally injured. The doctor said he could not live until morning. He was 38 years old. His dying words were directions to send to his wife. The body of a man of large stature, with its face burned past recognition, was then taken from the wreck. Then came a body, apparently that of a negro, supposed to be one of the palace car employes. Then two more charred and blackened trunks of human forms were lifted out upon planks by the firemen. One of them was the body of a man, the other, it was thought, that of a woman.

The number of dead bodies taken from the wreck at midnight was eight. Several persons are injured, one, at least, fatally. At five minutes to twelve a train which had been run up to the wreck reached the Grand Central depot. Upon it was Senator Wagner's eldest son. The moment he stepped from the train he was surrounded and silently the little group listened to what he said. He had been unable to find any trace of his father and believed that he had perished in the burning car. From what he could learn from others, Mr. Wagner was of the opinion that his father must have been at the rear of the Idlewild or at the fore end of the Empire when the collision occurred, and that he was instantly killed in the telescoping and his body burned. The friends who listened gave up hope as the story was told and slowly straggled out of the depot into the street. They halted to debate upon the manner of announcing to the family that their worst fears were realized and who should perform that sad office.

WHAT PHYSICIANS SAY.

SAN LEANDRO, Cal., January 6, 1877.

DR. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.: *Dear Sir*—I have employed your "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" in my practice for the last four years. I now use no other alterative or cathartic medicines in all chronic derangements of the stomach, liver, and bowels. I know of nothing that equals them.

J. A. MILLER, M. D.

A STONE church, built two hundred years ago by Puritans, is used by Unitarians at Hingham, Mass.

NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—Domestic troubles caused Mrs. Sebastian Redling, of Pittsburg, to commit suicide last week by swallowing rat poison.

—Mrs. Caroline Carey, the oldest inhabitant of Buffalo, and the oldest woman in the United States, died on Saturday, aged 104 years.

—Three boys were instantly killed in Brooklyn Saturday afternoon by the fall of an unoccupied house in which they were playing.

—Mr. Scoville, Guiteau's counsel, has begun a libel suit against a Chicago newspaper which charged him with fraud in going into bankruptcy.

—Mrs. Augusta Holt, of Swedon, Potter county, a middle-aged woman, with two husbands living, recently eloped with a boy fourteen years old.

—The evidence in the trial at Cettellsburg Ky., of the murder of the Gibbons family thus far confirms the statements in the confession made by Ellis.

—A horse owned by William P. Riley, Williamsport, is so fond of tobacco that he seems willing at any time to trade a half peck of oats for one good chew of the weed.

—Snow has fallen in the southern counties of California—an almost unprecedented occurrence. The prospects in that section of the State are bad unless rain follows.

—Convicted murderers were hanged on Friday as follows: At St. Louis, Thaddeus Baber and William Ward, colored; at Rimonski, Ontario, a wife-murderer named Moreau.

—David Smith, a farmer living near Hagerstown, Ind., was on Saturday found in a well with five wounds in his head. Smith's son's had threatened his life and they are suspected.

—Henry C. Spaulding, whose name was made familiar in connection with glue, but who got none of the millions made out of it, was lately arrested at New Albany, Ind., for drunkenness.

—A divorce suit is pending in Madison, Indiana, between Benjamin Rinbale, 82 years of age, and his 23-year-old wife. The suit is brought by the husband on the ground of desertion.

—Three children of Mr. Schalzmar, of East Liberty, died within a few hours of each other on Sunday last of small-pox. The mother and another child are or were then very sick with the same disease.

—Harvey Hughes, charged with killing "Doc" Devall, in Greene county, has been convicted of murder in the second degree, and sentenced to the penitentiary for two years. Why such leniency?

—At Washington, Washington county, on Saturday, the trial of Jonas Heywood, for the murder of Thomas Forsythe last April, was concluded by the jury returning a verdict of murder in the first degree.

—A Kittanning undertaker reports that the last corpse buried by him last year was of a person only one hour old and the first one this year was 107 years of age. That is turning over a new leaf in a curious way.

—The Sacramento *Bee* says there is in that city a tame deer which not only chews tobacco "like a man," but goes the human beast several points better—he eats all the weed that is given him, and begs for more.

—A dispatch from Richmond, Indiana, says that Mrs. Smith, widow of the man whose murdered body was found in a well there, has confessed that she and her sons planned the deed, and that her son Daniel put it into execution.

—Fifty-eight million dollars is the estimated value of finger rings of this country actually worn, and still there are people mean enough to go hacking and coughing because they do not want to invest 25 cents for a bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

—An insane man named Walsh shot himself in the head on Friday in the Notre Dame cathedral, Ottawa, Canada, while services were in progress. The congregation, composed principally of ladies, was panic-stricken, and several persons fainted.

—Sister Mary Joseph, the head of the Sisters of Providence, an Indiana Catholic order, who died lately was a sister by birth of Irma de la Motte, who renounced rank and fortune in Brittany to embrace a life of privation in the southern swamps of Indiana.

—The house of a negro named Geo. White was discovered to be in flames on Thursday at Alton, Ill., and lying on a bed in the house with her throat cut from ear to ear, was found the body of Mrs. Garrett, a white woman, who kept house for white. It is thought the woman had been murdered.

—The postmaster at Wilmington, Ohio, writes to the Post Office Department that a child died at that place a few days ago from what was supposed at the time to be chicken-pox. The funeral was largely attended, and, as a consequence, there are over fifty cases of virulent small-pox in the town.

—Madison county, Ind., has a citizen who has attained the remarkable age of 162 years. His name is Solomon Sheets, residing in Monroe township, three miles southeast of Alexandria. He is in possession of all his mental faculties, while physically he is as spry and vigorous as a man is ordinarily at 50.

—Mrs. Smith and her two sons, the wife and children respectively of David Smith, whose dead body was found in a well near Hagerstown, Ind., the other day, were arrested on Monday. On the way to the jail Daniel Smith confessed that he committed the murder alone during a quarrel about the sale of a horse.

—Martin Hughes died at Hawley, Pa., January 8th, aged 94 years. He had been an invalid for more than a year. It is reported that over $100,000 in insurance was held on his life in Pennsylvania graveyard insurance companies by residence of Wayne county, Pennsylvania. Most of the policies were issued subsequent to last August.

—Dan Edson, of Warrensburg, Pa., was a terrible blasphemer. A horse kicked him in a barn the other day, and his ejaculations were uncommonly prolonged and violent. Then flames broke out among the hay, and the building was destroyed. There is no convincing the neighbors that Dan's sulphurous language did not kindle the fire.

—On the 19th of December, at Middletown, Conn., two orphan boys, Albert S. and Osborne M. Atkins, aged respectively 13 and 10 years, were accidentally drowned. On the very day of their death a suit in their favor was decided in New York, by which they were to receive $30,000, which now reverts to their father's brother, Thomas J. Atkins.

—A remarkable use is being made of potatoes. The clean peeled tuber is macerated in a solution of sulphuric acid. The result is dried between sheets of blotting paper, and then pressed. Of this all manner of small articles are made, from combs to collars, and even billiard balls, for which the hard, brilliantly white material is well fitted.

—By the disaster on the Hudson River railroad at Spuyten Duyvil eight persons were killed and nineteen injured. The killed were Mrs. Mary L. Brown, aged 25 years; Rev. Francis X. Marechal, aged 56; Oliver B. Keeley, aged 40; Darwin L. Ransom, aged 30; J. Albert Richards, aged 22; Valentine Park, aged 21, and his bride, Mary Louise, aged 19, and Webster Wagner, State Senator, aged 65.

—The greatest alarm is manifested by the people in and about Brownsville, Texas, over the appearance of a horrible disease, hitherto unknown by physicians, among the dwellers on ranches. The malady first shows itself in the form of eruptions on the face. The head soon swells and death ensues in a short time. All remedies applied so far have failed. The people are becoming terror-stricken.

—The Scottdale *Record* says a Hungarian child at the McClure works died a few days ago, and its father unfeeling dug a hole close to the house, dumped the corpse therein and went off to work, leaving a little girl about seven years old to fill the rude grave. Some of the miners and drawers complained about this mode of burial when the superintendent made the inhuman father exhume the child and bury it near Morewood.

—George and Edmund Gravely, who reside in Henry county, Va., are probably the oldest twins living in the country. They celebrated their 93d birthday on the 1st of December last. They are still enjoying good health and live within five miles of each other, and within three miles of where they were born. They belong to a long lived family, their mother living to be over 100 and their father dying at the age of 90.

—A special to the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* of the 16th says: "The St. Louis express on the Dubuque division of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad, from St. Paul while near Lansing, Ia., broke a wheel of the smoking-car. The smoking-car and the ladies' car directly behind were thrown off the track. A child of Mrs. John Cavaugh, of Warrens Mills, Wis., was killed. Twenty persons were injured, two fatally.

—Five penitentiary convicts were drowned in Fouxche creek, five miles from Little Rock, Ark., on Saturday afternoon. They had been at work cutting wood and on being taken to the stockade, nine prisoners who were working in a gang were placed in a flat-bottom boat to be taken across the bayou. When near the middle of the stream some of the occupants rocked the boat until it took water and suddenly sank, carrying five men to the bottom.

—It having been decided to give Neal, Craft and Ellis, the alleged murderers of Fannie and Rob Gibbons and Emma Thomas at Ashland, Ky., a separate trial, Neal was brought into court at Cattellsburg on Monday afternoon, and his attorney, Brown, announced his readiness for trial. About the entire day was taken up in the work of empanelling a jury. The crowd was growing large and expressed considerable indignation at the lagging of the proceedings caused by the unnecessary absence of witnesses.

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IMPORTANT!!!
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—George W. Bristol has a wife in Meriden, a wife in Worcester, and a wife in Providence, to all of whom he has been regularly married within a few years. As his business was that of a traveling agent, he was for a time able to conceal his bigamy by visiting each of his homes in turn. The wives are young, uniformly pretty, and belong to respectable families. They are united in their desire to punish him, now that they have found him out, and he has been arrested, just in time to prevent his union with a girl at Middletown.

—One of the strangest incidents of the Vienna Theatre fire has come to light in the rescue of a young artillery private suffering. He endeavored to escape from the burning building by a stage door, but, owing to some mishap, fell through a broken trap into a deep cellar. Here the poor fellow remained for seventy-two hours without sleep or food, and from the constant pouring of water into the cellar from the engines came near being drowned. His cries were at last heard by an inspecting fireman, who took him out of the water, which was up around his chest.

—A diabolical attempt to spread small-pox through the mails was reported to the postal authorities at Richmond, Ind., on Saturday. An undated and unsigned letter, postmarked Cincinnati, was received by a farmer at Lynn, an office fifty miles north of Richmond, in which two small-pox scabs were enclosed. The letter simply contained the words, "I have sent you the small-pox, go home and die." The letter was immediately burned and the only clue to the perpetrator was thus destroyed, but the best detectives at the command of the department will be set to work on the case.

—The blame for the dreadful accident on the New York Central lies between the brakeman of the disabled train, which had stopped, and the engineer of the coming train, which ran into it. The brakeman testified before the coroner's jury that he went back to signal the coming train, and did signal it correctly in full time for it to stop before it came around the curve. He insists that no heed was paid to his signal. Naturally enough, in such a case as this, each person will try to lay the responsibility on the other, and nothing but rigid investigation will reveal the truth.

—A great blast, which has been preparing for nearly a year at the limestone quarry of the Glendon Iron Company, near Easton, Pa., was fired recently, and forty thousand tons of rock were dislodged. Four tunnels, each fifty feet long, were run into the hillside, and at their end two chambers were built at right angles, each eight feet long. Ten tons of powder were used, and when the electric current was sent along the wire the face of the rock, for a distance of 150 feet and a height of 25 feet, was blown out like a high wave, and the rock above this excavation sank into the space with a roar.

—The Toronto *Globe* says that a young man, a farmer, living a short distance east of Omemee, was in search of a life partner. He went to church on Sunday, about six weeks ago, and saw a young lady that would apparently comply with his wishes. After church he introduced himself, accompanied her home, got the license on Monday, and were married on Tuesday. His matrimonial career was of short duration, for on Wednesday last he returned after being absent for a day, and found she had eloped with the hired boy, aged about 19, the latter taking a pair of boots with him belonging to his employer.

—The New Albany, (Ind.,) *Times-Star* says that officers are on the lookout for Ellis Thurman and his young grandmother, who eloped from near Grand View, Spencer county, John C. Thurman, aged near 70, married a young woman of 20. His grandson, Ellis Thurman, lived in the house with him, and before the venerable grandfather's honeymoon was half over, the graceless young grandson was making love to her with all his might. He seems to have beaten the old man from the start, and a few days ago took his youthful grandmother and eloped with her. The venerable grandfather is very disconsolate.

—Among the horrors of last week's accident on the New York Central railroad was the death of Mr. and Mrs. Valentine Park who were married in North Adams, Mass., on Thursday evening, and in less than twenty-four hours thereafter were mangled corpses. While death by accident is horrible enough under any circumstances, there is an added element of ghastliness in such a sudden transition from the joy and gladness of the marriage service to the gloom of death. All such tragedies are but sharp reminders of the uncertain tenure by which we hold our lives, and of the inevitable fate which awaits us all.

—The brutal murder of an unfortunate girl named Emma Hamilton about two years ago in Montreal, Canada, by four men has just come to light, a companion of the victim named Catharine Hilliard having given information to the police. The men are named Bernard and William McEverne (brothers), William Livernois and another man now dead, went to the house where Hamilton and Hilliard lived and wanted the former to go for whiskey, which she refused to do. They then knocked her down, kicked her terribly and cut her. She died. The McEverne brothers are confined at present in the Provincial penitentiary for highway, robbery and Livernois has been arrested.

—A special telegram to the Pittsburg *Dispatch* from New Paris, O., Jan. 14th, says: A most singular and remarkable case of the recovery of eyesight after many years of blindness, has just occurred at the little village of Belle Centre. Mr. John Lysle was suddenly stricken blind about eight years ago, and up to Thursday he for many years has groped his way in Egyptian darkness. No reason was assigned for his sudden affliction, and it seems the doctors could give no relief. On Tuesday Mr. Lysle had a peculiar sensation in his eyes, and his sight was suddenly restored. His eyes are now as sound as ever, and his vision seems wholly unimpaired. This sudden receiving of his sight is considered almost a miracle.

—John McFarland, a boy peddler, was noted throughout several Pennsylvania counties for the cheapness and variety of his wares. On one trip he would have goods on the next fancy wares, and so on, his explanation being that he bought job lots at auction sales of bankrupt stock. The truth has now come out. When his wagon was emptied, he would go to the freight depot of the Reading Railroad in Philadelphia, and watch the loading of the cars until he saw what would suit his purpose. Then he would covertly mark that particular car for identification, and hurry to a certain lonely point on the line where the train would stop in the night for the locomotive to take in water. Provided with the requisite tools, he could enter the car, remove the box of goods without detection, and thus fill his wagon anew.

—In Baltimore on Monday last between three and four o'clock Father Danenhauer, rector of St James' Catholic church, and Brothers Bernardine and Eberhardt, while sitting in a room in the pastoral residence, were startled by hearing the burglar alarm attached to the poor box in the vestibule of the church ring. Brother Bernardine ran out and entering the church from the street, found a young man tampering with the box. He seized him but the man broke away. When Father Danenhauer and Brother Eberhardt came in through the church he broke away from Brother Bernardine, and running up the gallery steps drew a knife and threatened anyone who molested him. Brother Eberhardt, who had provided himself with a pistol, drew the weapon from the folds of his cassock and compelled the man to drop his knife and held him at bay until the arrival of the police.

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CLOTHING!
OAK HALL,
Sixth and Market Streets
PHILADELPHIA.
THE LARGEST CLOTHING HOUSE IN AMERICA.

THE LITERARY "REBELLION."—Mr. John B. Alden, who organized the "Literary Revolution," which has given the people the best of books at such wonderfully low prices, does not give up the fight with the failure of "The American Book Exchange," which failure, he claims, was in no respect the result of selling books too cheaply, but was caused by the combination of publishers and booksellers against the enterprise; infamous and baseless slander being scattered broadcast culminated in a "panic" among the creditors of the institution, causing a "run" which resulted in the failure of the company, just as it has often caused the failure of banks or other institutions perfectly solvent under ordinary conditions. He and other friends of the enterprise have organized "The Useful Knowledge Publishing Company," and a literary *Rebellion* which proposes to carry on the fight. The first work published by the new company is a beautiful edition of Macaulay's "Life of Frederick the Great," which they sell for the marvellously low price of 20 cents, neatly bound in cloth. The company proposes to begin immediately the publication of a series of cyclopedias—one of history, one of biography, one of science, one of choice prose literature, one of poetry, and one of religious literature—each of which cyclopædias will be in several large octavo volumes of over 1000 pages each, at the price of $1.25 per volume, in cloth binding, and will also be published in numbers, at only two cents per number, being considerably below even the "revolution" prices. They will send specimen pages and catalogues free, and friends of choice literature at low prices will be sure to shower them with postal-cards, at least. Address THE USEFUL KNOWLEDGE PUBLISHING COMPANY, 162 William street, New York.

AN INHUMAN WRETCH.—An extraordinary instance of human ingratitude and depravity is reported from the little village of Irondale, a suburb of Chicago. A few days ago Edward Mueller was stricken down with the smallpox, and having no one to administer to his wants was placed in a most pitiable conditoin. Ralph Johnson and his wife, a middle aged lady, assumed the role of the Good Samaritan, and nursed Mueller until he was approaching convalescence. About 10 o'clock Friday night Johnson fell asleep, whereupon Mueller searched his benefactor's pants pockets, and secured his little mite, $17.50. The wretch then visited a room in which Mrs. Johnson was sleeping, and, after uttering threats of death if she made an outcry violated her person. He then made his escape, and has since evaded capture. Immediateltly after he had quitted the place. Mrs. Johnston, who had collected her scattered senses, hurried to her husband's bedside and informed him of what had occurred. The poor man was almost frantic. A few of the neighbors were gateered together and instituted search for the villain, but no clew was obtained.

MURDERED, ROBBED AND BURNED.—Last week the awful news reached this community, says the Newport *Ledger* of the 14th, that Philip Agley, a shoemaker, once a resident of this vicinity, and who emigrated to Venango, Ellsworth county, Kansas, about four years ago, was murdered, robbed, and his cabin and body burned, on the night of the 28th of December. What makes the news doubly awful, is that the deed was committed by a young man who was also a resident of Newport, but went West since about two years since—William Erwin Graham, son of Mr. Isaac Graham, of Millerstown. The perpetrator was arrested and taken to Ellsworth the county seat, and confined in jail; but on the 2d of January a mob surrounded the jail and took Graham out, hanging him to a tree in front of the Court House.

F. H. Drake's Sufferings.

F. H. Drake, Esq., Detroit, Mich., suffered beyond all description from a skin disease, which appeared on his hands, head and face, and nearly destroyed his eyes. The most careful doctoring failed to help him, and after all had failed he used the Cuticura Resolvent (blood purifier) internally, Cuticura and Cuticura Soap (the great skin cures) externally, and was cured, and has remained perfectly well to this day.

GIVEN UP BY DOCTORS.—"Is it possible that Mr. Godfrey is up and at work, and cured by so simple a remedy?"

"I assure you it is true that he is entirely cured, and with nothing but Hop Bitters; and only ten days ago his doctors gave him up and said he must die!"

"Well-a-day! That's remarkable! I will go this day and get some for my poor George—I know hops are good."

A MAINE Judge has sustained the will of Horatio N. Foster, a deaf mute, seventy-six years old, who could neither read, write nor use the manual alphabet. The will, which was made by pantomime, devises $7,000. Only one similar case was ever tried in the United States, and that was in North Carolina. Certainly if a mute can acquire an estate he ought to be allowed to will it in his own way.

DYSPEPSIA AND LIVER COMPLAINT.—Is it not worth the small price of 75 cents to free yourself from every symptom of these distressing complaints? If you think so, call at E. James' Drug Store, Ebensburg, Pa., and procure a bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer. Every bottle has a printed guarantee on it. Use accordingly and if it does you no good it will cost you nothing. [4-8.-e.o.w.1y.]

HOW WOMEN WOULD VOTE.—Were women allowed to vote, every one in the land who has used Dr. Pierce's 'Favorite Prescription' would vote it to be an unfailing remedy, or the diseases peculiar to her sex. By druggists.

IMPORTANT TO TRAVELERS.—Special inducements are offered you by the BURLINGTON ROUTE. It will pay you to read their advertisement, to be found elsewhere in this issue. [8-18.-10m.]

Andrew Jackson's Last Days.

The following letter, not heretofore published, was written by Judge John [illegible] of Tennessee, a Justice of the [illegible] Court of the United States, to Hon. James Buchanan, three days after the death of Gen. Jackson. Judge Catron was Jackson's intimate and warm personal friend. He was appointed Associate Justice by President Van Buren in 1837, and died in 1865, having been on the bench twenty-eight years.

NASHVILLE, Wednesday, June 11, [illegible]

MY DEAR SIR.—I helped to perform the melancholy office yesterday of consigning to his last resting place here below our old friend Gen. Jackson. He died on Sunday evening the 8th. He had been sick unto death, with now and then slight amendments, for six or seven weeks [illegible] and in a dropsical state. But his mind was not only clear, but unclouded, and his memory perfect, not only of former events, but of recent ones. This was very much the consequence, I think, of his much newspaper reading, in which he indulged himself half the time, or nearly so; [illegible] sent him an immense number, so that he was familiar with the politics of the day and given to thought in regard to them.

A month ago I first saw him [illegible]. He said to me he could not recover from his then affliction, as he had no frame left. I thought so, and said so to him, and there the matter ended. He then asked me to give him an account of the start our friend President [illegible] knowing I knew the inside of the [illegible] of the political machinery. [illegible] at which he laughed heartily, [illegible] the letter the office-seeking horde, "each for himself and God for us all," [illegible]. He then went into English, Mexican and Texas matters, compared men and things [illegible] Mexico, and the United States [illegible] force, and clearness equal to the best [illegible] the best temper; declared his opinion [illegible] reacquisition of Texas had not changed in twenty five years; that he foresaw and [illegible] when it was parted with by the treaty of [illegible] must have it in the end, as it [illegible] Gulf of Mexico for the protection of New Orleans and the security of the West. [illegible] —the body failing all—he continued [illegible] at his death. During Sunday [illegible] talk, save to give instructions. I am [illegible] being there myself. He went out like a [illegible] down candle, those standing by not knowing [illegible] he ceased to breathe.

One thing may be safely said of [illegible] son, that he has written his name higher in the temple of Fame than any man since Washington, of those belonging to history in this country. And what is more remarkable in him than any [illegible] can is, that he maintained his power [illegible] when he had nothing to give. This he [illegible] force of will and courage basing [illegible] out-and-out honesty of purpose. [illegible] strength always. His intuitive faculties [illegible] quick and strong, his instincts [illegible]. The way in which a thing should be done [illegible] him plainly, and he adopted the plan. [illegible] not the best, it would still answer the purpose [illegible] well executed. Then, to the Executive, he [illegible] a hard industry and a sleepless vigilance [illegible] would equal. But this was not the best [illegible] he brought to the task. He cared not a [illegible] anything behind; he looked ahead. [illegible] will stood alone, and was made the will [illegible] commanded, and "command it would [illegible] he had fallen from the clouds into a [illegible] he would have been at the head of the [illegible] ing host in an hour, and would have [illegible] palace to stop the fire with as little [illegible] another would have torn down a board [illegible] moment he would have willed it proper, and [illegible] minutes the thing would have been done. [illegible] who never worked before, who had hardly [illegible] to cry, would have rushed in the execution [illegible] plied the match. Hence it is that timid [illegible] feeble women have rushed to the [illegible] he gave the command, fierce, fearless and [illegible] ing for the first time. Hence it is that [illegible] years he has been followed, first by all [illegible] who then knew him and afterward by [illegible] land, as a matchless man, as one they were [illegible] to follow wherever he led, who with them [illegible] was wrong, and who would sweep over all [illegible] abroad, or at home, terrible and clear [illegible] fire, leaving hardly a smoke of the ruin [illegible]

Not even death could break the charm. [illegible] funeral yesterday was a great mass meeting [illegible] man, children, men, black, white and [illegible] every grade, mixed up by the [illegible] house crammed within. There was not a [illegible] or a smile so far as I heard or saw. [illegible] would and did. Nay, they would see [illegible] cased in lead. It was just possible to [illegible] for the soldiers, a tedious process. They [illegible] it as a right to see the thing done. The [illegible] followed him to the tomb, a stone grave [illegible] of Mrs. Jackson's laid there in [illegible] a copper-roofed canopy some ten feet [illegible] on stone pillars. He was tediously put in [illegible] tombstone left off so that all could look [illegible] It was a scene for a painter to see, the [illegible] at the particular spot, the slave women [illegible] agony of grief laying their heads on the [illegible] and backs of the lady friends of their [illegible] leaving laces wet with tears. [illegible] stance elicit a single remark so far as I [illegible] Death did not make all equal more [illegible] did the funeral. Being there to perform [illegible] of seeing my friend's remains consigned [illegible] earthly abode, and thinking death a [illegible] the particular case, and having [illegible] mised him to aid in that duty I was [illegible] observant from necessity. In an hour [illegible] parted, except a few intimates of the [illegible] this so noiselessly that one in the house [illegible] have heard it.

The funeral sermon and all took up [illegible] hours.

I sat down to write you a short note, and [illegible] run into a long scroll. Accept my [illegible]

J. Ca[illegible]

HON. JAS. BUCHANAN.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

A. —BEATTY'S PIANOFORTES.— [illegible] holiday presents; square grand [illegible] four very handsome round corners, [illegible] three unisons Beatty's matchless [illegible] book, cover, boxed, $212.75 to $297.50 [illegible] logue prices, $800 to $1000; [illegible] anteed or money refunded after [illegible] right pianofortes, $125 to $255; [illegible] $500 to $800; standard [illegible] verse, as thousands testify; write [illegible] of testimonials; Beatty's cabinet organs, cathedral, church, chapel, parlor, $30 upward [illegible] welcome; free carriage meets trains [illegible] catalogue (holiday edition) free. [illegible] upon DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington [illegible]

IMPORTANT TO
FRUIT GROWERS
THE
EAGLE PRUNER
A recently patented invention, is a superior implement for light pruning. It is very simple in construction, light, easily worked, rapid and [illegible] in execution. Large sales are predicted [illegible] satisfaction guaranteed. Send for circular [illegible] wanted. Address
AMERICAN PRUNING CO., Fitchburg, [illegible]

$777 A YEAR and expenses [illegible] Outfit free. [illegible] P. O. Vickery, [illegible]

Newspaper Advertising Bureau, 10 Spruce [illegible]

ambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.,
DAY, - - - JAN. 20, 1882.

OCAL AND PERSONAL.

There and the Other Place. n't fail to look at the big stock of boots arker's.

amine Barkers' prices before purchawhere.

ere are bargains in overcoats, and clot Barker's.

en you want to buy the best shoes at lowest prices, don't go anywhere to Barkers'.

S. Barker & Bro., sell more shoes, shoes, cheaper shoes, than any other ot of men in the shoe business.

15 years I had Chronic Catarrh. The is well. Peruna. Mrs. J. Manks. At new drug store, Ebensburg.

S. Barker & Bro. sell just as good anybody else, and if it is not as cheap sell they will give you a sack for

Frederick Augustus Rolner, one of eers of Greensburg and the oldest ow in the State, died on Thursday ged 88 years.

ere will be a scarcity of vacant storeafter the 1st of April. We know two ants who at that time expect to be left he cold.

aluable horse owned by a coal and mpany at Latrobe fell into one of the few days ago and was so badly burnhat it be killed.

e building owned and formerly occuJudge Thomas, on High street, with d it stands on, has been sold to Mr. Patman. Terms private.

ounty will get drowned yet before Inside the past week at least two nt through the ice while skating on mer of the dams south of town.

ur three children of Mr. Benjamin Cambria township, are said to be with the diphtheria, but we sincerehat there is no truth in the story.

e Altoona Tribune commends Dr. who it says is a careful and comsician, to the neighborly good will people of Ebensburg. And so say we

e Carrolltown mail this week was half of the time on wheels and the it on runners. It is safe to infer that the weather has been a little

promised new time table on the P. was too slow in the motion to catch the Sunday last, as was expected, but that it will have better luck next

land Lodge, I. O. O. F., of Ebens celebrate its thirty-first anniversaevening of the 1st of February. A and other festivities will be held in

observer of passing events who can't temptation to perpetrate a pun circumstances, wonders if friend n't Ake for Work when he went al business.

good friend R. G. Ford, Esq., Sudent of the Bell's Gap Railroad, has is under renewed obligations for al pass over said road for the year nks—many thanks.

drug store of Will. C. Kerr, at le, was entered by burglars on Frist and between forty and fifty money stolen from the safe, which en open by the burglars.

will of Rev. Father Mitchell was adprobate in Pittsburgh on Monday donates $3,500 to the Sisters of Mermakes liberal provision for various gions and charitable purposes.

to rats, mice, roaches and ants—Exterminator. Barns, granerhouseholds cleared in a single night. f bad smells. Best and cheapest ller in the world. Sold everywhere.

e, wholesome distillition of witch merican pine, Canada fir, marigold, ssoms, etc., fragrant with the healre of balsam and of pine. Such is 's Radical Cure for Catarrh. Comtment for $1.

mber that V. S. Barker & Bro. have ortment of women's and children's hich they are going to dispose of beg and to do that they have marked es so very low that they are now er than the lowest.

e to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, No. ern Avenue, Lynn, Mass., for names who have been restored to perfect the use of her Vegetable Com. It is a positive cure for the most ases of female weakness.

Board of County Auditors will fin labor some time next week. They their work in a business manner, ancial statement, when published, excellent matter for the tax-payer over these dull winter evenings.

ck of wild geese were heard passtown last Friday night. It was exthick at the time, and if a man had ess enough to shoot at them, he ubtless have missed them just as the ently had missed their reckoning.

liam Stevens was knocked down otpads at the railroad bridge east on Thursday night last, and his watch and a small sum of e used his pocket-knife freely and ot his work in pretty well on one ndrels.

Johnstown Tribune of Monday de and a half columns of its space ation of an able and interesting livered on the Saturday evening before the Cambria Scientific Insti. John P. Linton, on the subject rst Purchasers of Johnstown and

ames Donnelly, former pastor of congregation in Cameron's Botns county, has been reinstated in n, and Rev. John Ward, son of Ward, of this place, recently apereto, has been recalled to Pittsis now curate to Father Pollard, h Side.

erce's "Golden Medical discovery" so thoroughly established in pubthat were it not for the forgetfulness would not be necessary to call its power to cure consumption, crofula of the lungs, and other es, as eruptions, blotches, pimand "liver complaint."

eting on the fines and extra postd on Brother Williams of the Carles for sending contraband suprough the mails with his paper, Tribune is unfeeling enough to that every publisher of a 'patent (why not is?) in the same boat riend of the News.

work on the new Court House ed forward as rapidly as circumadmit, it is yet considered exdoubtful whether the building will occupancy at the coming term A number of workmen, having the part assigned them, left for homes by railroad Saturday

B. Denny, of Gallitzin, forwarded the other day asking us to send FREEMAN for one year, and also reto advertise the fact that he has taurant in that place for the sale other edibles, but as he don't cation and leaves us to guess at we await further particulars as isement.

ngregation connected with the church in this place are so well the ministrations of Rev. A. S. e pastor in charge since the first that they have extended him a n with them for another year resent one expires. This is as it e Mr. Morrison is a genial gena zealous pastor.

Lloyd requests us to notify all e FREEMAN who are indebted m of Myers & Lloyd that he dee books without further delay, they don't soon call around and will certainly have to try what in the law. Mr. Lloyd cerbusiness, and those interested to take heed in time.

ently reported abduction from little girl named Maggie Pickett, recent recovery in the far westlished in these columns a cou ago, turns out after all to be or less than a scandalous Maggie's mother having run man named Barns, taking her with her. So much for the

ivalent friend, M. L. Oatman, inoyster business at his cheap er day by presenting us with a delicious bivalves, a kindour thanks are hereby returnoper to say in this connection n intends to keep fresh oysthe season, and will furnish mers, either by the quart or very lowest prices.

In our advertising columns the ment of the Cambria County tual Fire Insurance Company. how that the said organization financial condition, and doing hich is increasing year by year. managed with the utmost care, s been enabled to arrive at the being one of the safest fire inanies in the State.

—Clocks, watches, jewelry and things of that kind may possibly be dispensed with, but when it comes to hats, caps, boots, shoes, groceries, etc., it is about as hard to rule them out of the list of daily necessities as it is to find a merchant here or elsewhere who keeps a more select stock of such goods or sells at lower prices than C. T. Roberts, whom we know to be deserving of everybody's patronage. Forget him not when shopping you go.

—Since our last issue, the Altoona papers record the death of four persons from small-pox, three of the victims having died at the close of last week, and the fourth on Tuesday night of the present week. The case last referred to was that of Miss Josephine Hoover, aged 23 years. She was a daughter of Mr. John Hoover, who resides in Elder township, this county, and had been employed as a domestic in the family of a Mr. Kuhn, of Altoona, for the past three years.

—The Crawford House, in this place, has for a couple of months past been under the management of Mr. P. F. Brown, who at that time succeeded his brother, J. H. Brown, and like him is keeping the house in good style Visitors to Ebensburg will find satisfactory accommodations at moderate figures by hanging up their hats with our friend Brown, who with his good wife will leave nothing undone to make their stay pleasant and their future patronage certain.

—A man named Morgan Berkey, an employe of Messrs. West & Dummond, merchants at Bolivar, Westmoreland county, surprised a burglar in the store of said firm at an early hour on Sunday morning last, and was shot and slightly wounded for his pains. P. S.—A Greensburg letter to the Pittsburgh *Dispatch* of Tuesday last says that Berkey was shot through the body, the ball coming out near the spinal column, and that there were no hopes at that time for his recovery.

—Had it been God's will we would have been glad to dispense with the services of a certain class of mechanics known as undertakers, but since that was not to be, we have no hesitation in commending Messrs. Lynch & Stevens of Altoona, and Messrs. Owens & Lighty, of this place to the patronage of all who may be called upon to mourn the death of any loved-ones. Both firms are prompt, reliable and moderate in their charges, and while we hope that none of our readers will ever have cause to employ them, we can say in all sincerity that they deserve to be employed when necessity demands.

—It is a hard matter to realize the magnitude of one million till a person undertakes to count it in one-two-three order. Then, he is likely to give up the job in dispair and go to wood-chopping. Well, the cash capital of the Ætna Insurance Company, of Hartford, Conn., was during the past year increased from $4,000,000 to $5,000,000! This Company has been in existence sixty-three years, and during that period paid losses aggregating $334,000,000. Its cash in bank on the 1st instant was $1,181,739.66, and the sum total of its assets $8,902,272.64. T. W. Dick, Esq., is agent for the Ætna for Ebensburg.

—We don't own the house we live in, which may be more our misfortune than our fault, but it is a gratification to know that a generous, whole-souled gentleman does own it, and that gentleman is Geo. F. Huff, Esq., of Greensburg. Of all the kindnesses shown to us since death invaded our household and made such terrible havoc among our loved ones, there have been none to compare in extent, though all have been prompted by the same noble, Christian spirit, with the unexpected and undeserved generosity displayed towards us by the worthy gentleman we have named. That God may bless and prosper him here and reward him hereafter is the heartfelt prayer of those whom his noble act has placed under deep and never-to-be-forgotten obligations.

—Four men engaged in hewing timber for a new barn in Allegheny township, were engaged on Thursday last in cutting down a tree, at least one or two of them were, but they hadn't got in much of their work before a large bear came gliding down the tree, and the four men—well, they all glided in another direction just as fast as their legs could carry them, being evidently impressed with the idea that trouble was bruin for them then and there. It is needless to say that the bear didn't follow them, as he was about as badly scared as they were. The came animal was seen again on Saturday last, but as seeing him didn't hurt him any he was still well and hearty at latest accounts. Perhaps the four heroes of the above adventure don't get up on their respective ears when anybody shouts "bear" at them.

—Col. Solomon Baer died at his home in the vicinity of Somerset an Friday last, in the eighty-ninth year of his age. He was the father of Hon. Wm. J. Baer, the newly elected President Judge of the Somerset and Bedford district, and during his long life maintained the reputation of an honest man and a good citizen. In his younger days he was an enthusiastic military man, and he is well remembered by some of our citizens as Brigade Inspector of this military district, composed of Somerset and Cambria counties, which always required his presence here on the tenth of May in each year at the "big muster," as it was called, to review the militia. A person who had the good luck to witness a "big muster," and all that it implied, under the old militia law of the State, will not be likely ever to forget it.

—Miss Jennie Welfel, whose mysterious disappearance on Monday night of last week from the residence of Mr. E. Zang, in Johnstown, at whose store she was employed, and who was believed to have gone away with Wm. H. Hoffman, formerly of Johnstown, but now of Homestead, Allegheny county, and who when he lived in the former place was Miss Welfel's "fellow," all of which was stated in our last issue, has very satisfactorily explained her sudden departure by writing a letter to her parents, dated Homestead, informing them that she was married to Hoffman on the Wednesday after she left Johnstown in his company, by Rev. Father Bullion, pastor of the Catholic church at Homestead—that she and her husband have commenced housekeeping, and that she will pay them a visit at an early day.

—Froma statement published in a recent number of the Johnstown *Tribune* it appears that the total cost of building the small-pox hospital for the admission of patients from that and the surrounding boroughs, as well as all the expenses pertaining to the same, from the opening of the hospital on the second day of last August, until the first day of the present month, was $2,118.90. Of this sum the Cambria Iron Company was assessed with the payment of $1,059.45; Johnstown, $605.65; Conemaugh borough, $227.56; Millville, $124.13; Cambria borough, $79.15, and Woodvale, $22.96. Fifteen persons were admitted to the hospital during the period above mentioned, two of whom died. The committee from whose report these facts are gathered kept no record of deaths from small-pox except those that occurred at the hospital.

—Cambria county can boast of some famous hunters who are sound both in body and limb, but in the village of Jack's Corners, in Bedford county, if the newspaper account of him can be relied on, there dwells a cripple sixty years of age who is far ahead in that business so far as heard from. His name is Joseph R. McIlray and for the last three years he has walked with two staffs. During that time he has killed in Hopewell township, in which the village above named is situated, the following list of game: Two bears, four wolves, sixty-eight deer, fifty wild cats, forty foxes, two hundred racoons, two hundred and fifty-seven wild turkeys and lots of smaller game of which no account was kept. The story looks very big, but the Altoona *Tribune* publishes it as the stubborn truth, unaccompanied, however, by an affidavit.

NEW COAL DEVELOPMENTS.—We understand that Messrs. A. T. Pindle, of this county, and A. Ake and L. P. Work, of Altoona, have just concluded a lease on royalty of the coal and other minerals underlying the lands of Messrs. Michael and Patrick Bracken, situate on the main line of the Pennsylvania railroad, near Mineral Point, as well as the coal underlying land owned by Mr. Charles Wilson, and adjoining the above tract, the whole containing nearly 400 acres. A "drift" or "heading" is now being driven into the coal, for the purpose of testing its quality. Should this prove satisfactory, as there is little doubt it will, the work of building an incline plane and other necessary improvements connected with the mining and shipping of coal will be commenced at an early day. As a majority, if not all, the gentlemen interested are practical coal operators and live men, there is no question but what the business in all its departments will not only be conducted with skill, energy and ultimate success, but that it will add another to the many similar industries that are rapidly developing the vast mineral wealth and resources of Cambria county.

PURE PORT WINE.—We take pleasure in inviting the attention of the public to Speer's celebrated Port Grape Wine, a pure and unadulterated article, upon which every one may most implicitely rely. This wine is made of Speer's Vineyards, Passaic, New Jersey. It has a rich flavor, mellow juiceness, and brilliant color; and is highly beneficial in all its properties for invalids, especially females and aged persons and consumptives. For sale by E. James, at new drug store, Ebensburg.

HOW TO GET SICK.—Expose yourself day and night; eat too much without exercise, work too hard without rest, doctor all the time, take all the vile nostrums advertised, and then you will want to know

HOW TO GET WELL.—Which is answered in three words—Take Hop Bitters!

OUR PHILADELPHIA LETTER.

THE AESTHETIC APOSTLE—A GREAT CHANGE OF FEELING—THE DEMOCRATIC LEADERS FOR 1882—A BRIGHTER DAY FOR PENNSYLVANIA—THE WOLFE INDEPENDENTS—MISSING AND UNKNOWN DEAD—THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE PREDOMINANT.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 17, 1882.

[Regular Correspondence of the FREEMAN.]

DEAR MCPIKE—Your correspondent was in a bad condition for writing last week and consequently omitted his regular weekly letter to the FREEMAN. The writer had many things to worry him last week, but especially was he worried over the grievous disappointment of the great aesthete, Oscar Wilde. I felt sad that Mr. Wilde had been so grievously disappointed in his aticipations of what he would see and feel while crossing the ocean. Mr. Wilde expected while crossing the great herring pond, that Neptune would arise like a four-legged water spout from the sea, sieze the Arazona in his hellish grasp and fan the face of Venus with her.—Neptune, however, never made his appearance during the whole passage. As every true and loyal American citizen should feel, I was sadly worried that Mr. Wilde should have been so sadly disappointed in his search for that subtle force in nature which is akin to power as expressed, and first cousin to truth. To Mr. Wilde the ocean was tame, and the roaring tempest was a zephyr.—What worried me most was a fear that Mr. Wilde, while in his indignant mood, in an unguarded moment would cause trouble by demanding of the ocean steamer company a rebate on his passage money. While Mr. Wilde's great disappointment is sincerely to be regretted, it is also devoutly to be hoped that he will not despair. When the great aesthete visits Philadelphia I will try to induce him to take a voyage across the Allegheny Mountain. A trip across the mountain I think would not disappoint but satisfy him. If Mr. Wilde will take a mountain passage and seat himself upon the back of a Cambria county mule, and attempt to take poetic license with its rear ribs, he will be satisfied with his ocean passage. I had almost neglected to tell the readers of the FREEMAN that the great aesthete apostle, Mr. Wilde, is said to be not a bad looking man, being as straight as one of the new electric poles on Chestnut street and looks as if built like those rigid highway ornaments—in sections. Mr. Wilde's chin leans forward about as much as the light does from the poles. His eyes are blue and of the kind called "soulful" by the aesthetes. He looks as if he were one whose angry passions, if stirred up from the very base of the utmost depths of his soul, would not hesitate to "scratch out one's eyes out." Mr. Wilde is six feet, three inches in height, broad shouldered and muscular in proportion. I will now embrace the opportunity to remind Mr. Wilde that he will find me his fast friend.

A GREAT CHANGE OF FEELING.

Having received the gratifying intelligence that the long looked for intensely intense and soulfully soulful high priest of aesthetic culture and philosophy, Oscar Wilde, had, after fairly getting off his "sea legs," become sufficiently modified to smoke a cigarette.—Oscar Wilde is a cigarette smoker. However, information previously obtained on the subject of aestheticism had prepared the intelligent public of New York for this sad blow. The happy intelligence of Mr. Wilde's improved condition, with the inspiring news that President Arthur was happy, and enjoying himself in the pleasant official duty of distributing the prizes in the "lottery of assassination," and that the Stalwarts were drawing all the prizes, greatly relieved my distress of mind and did much to arouse my drooping spirits. Last week's worryment of mind has entirely departed, and I am again in condition to resume the pencil. A great fear has been taken off my mind, by the last year stamping old mother Vennor and grandmother Shipton as false prophets. I am sort of feeling good, too, over the fact that the "jury fixer" has taken a recess from active operations; that the ballot-box thieves are marching to Moyamensing, and that their bosses are likely to follow them. It also adds greatly to my pleasure to learn that President Arthur has officially directed that his coachman shall wear the livery that Grant's coachman wore; that Arthur is donning Grant's livery himself, and that the White House folks, poetically speaking, are in time. But what exhilarates me in a special manner is the wonderful judicious management of the Tax Office by an honored (?) namesake, Thomas Jefferson Smith, who, on a yearly salary of $2,500, in three years became a millionaire. Four years ago my honored (?) namesake, like myself, was pennyless, but at the end of three years, on a salary of $2,500—$7,500, he was able to enter a firm into which he put a cool half million of dollars.—What marvelous arithmetic is he master of? Where is the Smith who would not feel exhilerated at having a namesake possessing such a mysterious talent?

THE DEMOCRATIC LEADERS FOR 1882.

The Republicans have now a candidate in General Beaver who will make the best of his great opportunities. Those who assume that the Stalwart Beaver will be easily beaten must be ignorant of his vast advantages. He is able on the stump with the eloquence of his war crutches to plead for his success, and he will be backed by the ablest and most desperate men and methods ever exhibited in a Pennsylvania canvass. He will have the whole material power of President Arthur's administration. He will have all the men in office with any needed percentage of their official salaries. He will have all the machinery of the State well tested in the many desperate conflicts of the past, and will have all organs with their long well-trained submission. Such is the enemy the Democrats will have to fight in November next. There is not a question of doubt about the Stalwart leader, as the Republican masses are relieved from all trouble about their candidate for Governor, as the Stalwart managers have united on General Beaver as the most acceptale of all the Stalwart aspirants.

The Democrats of Pennsylvania already know what they will have to contend against, and let there be a returd of the wisdom that ruled in the concils of their Democratic fathers in the nomination of their candidates.—Now, who will be the Democratic leaders for 1882 to make the assault upon the Stalwart columns? The selection of the Democratic material for leadership is now the all-important matter. Among the circle of Democratic aspirants for 1882 the most prominent is James H. Hopkins. The development of circumstances and public sentiment dictate that he should be the chosen leader, and the potential Democratic leaders should exhibit their wisdom by leaving the question an open one for the development of circumstances and public sentiment to dictate the choice. There must not be set up of any personal candidate as has been done. There must be no Wallaceism or Randallism in the man nominated as the Democratic candidate for Governor. Any man nominated for individual supremacy will surely be rejected by the party and the people, but if a candidate like James H. Hopkins, who will not be set up of any faction, but be the representative of the sternly aggressive, honest and liberal Democracy of the age, his election with Congressional and Legislative delegations will be certain. With James H. Hopkins as a candidate for Governor, and with Moses Veale as a candidate for Lieutenant Governor, the Democrats of Pennsylvania will win a victory that will disenthrawl the Commonwealth and ensure honest government in the State. The Democrats of Pennsylvania have now a grand opportunity, and let them embrace it. Everything now depends on their candidates.—There are enough honest voters in Pennsylvania to overthrow the present corrupt Republican dynasty, if proper Democrats are presented for their support.

A BRIGHTER DAY FOR PENNSYLVANIA.

It is hoped that this year will see the beginning of a brighter day for Pennsylvania. The whole machine of the government of the State has become rotten. The best Republicans in the Commonwealth—the most competent and deserving have been ignored, and the money of the State has been used to punish them and reward the incompetent and undeserving. Such has been the condition of things for upwards of twenty years. Republicans of courage have almost despaired of relief, and in proportion as they have weakened the desperadoes of the party have become more arrogant and cruel. But at last brave spirits are beginning to appear.—The day has come for the heroes of the future to show themselves. There is a remedy, and the time to apply it will soon arrive.—There will be two opportunities, that of February in this city, and that of November in the State. In the meantime let the Democrats of Cambria be doing their duty. Let Cambria not fail to send proper delegates to the Democratic State Convention. If Pennsylvania should elect a Democratic Governor this year, it will settle the question in 1884 in favor of the Democratic Presidential candidate. Pennsylvania, however, cannot elect a Democratic Governor this year, with such a nominee as Pattison, of this city, ex-Speaker Randall, who has busied himself in the city for several days past in the interest of Mr. Pattison, to the contrary notwithstanding. If nominated, Mr. Pattison cannot get the Democratic vote of Philadelphia by many thousands. Let the Democrats in other portions of the State bear this in mind.

MISSING AND UNKNOWN DEAD.

The Coroners' death roll for 1881, embracing 1906 cases, includes a long list of unknown dead. No less than 108 persons died during the year, leaving behind nothing to establish their identy. Startling as these records are, they find a parallel in the number of persons reported during the year to the police department as missing or having run away. No fewer than 195 of such cases are reported.

THE WOLFE INDEPENDENTS.

Why stand you here idle? Has not forbearance ceased to be a virtue? were the words Mr. Wolfe used to stir up his followers to a sense of their duties at the conference of the Independent Republicans in this city last week. The enthusiasm of the admirers of this little leader from Union was intense over this call for a rally to his standard, and the applause was long continued. The Independent Convention that will meet in this city on the 24th of May will nominate a full ticket and adopt a platform upon which to fight the battle next fall. When Wolfe and his followers come down upon the Republican fold the next time, they will get more wool that they got the last time. The conference here was satisfactory in every respect. The Wolfe party has grown to the pretentions of a big Independent Republican movement which threatens to engulf the Stalwarts.

TROUBLE IN COURT.

Unhappily it seems that of late days some of the lawyers of Philadelphia have so far fallen from grace as to have elapsed into the careless and disrespectful habit of addressing the Court while wearing their overcoats. It is sincerely to be hoped, to prevent serious trouble, that these gentlemen of the Philadelphia bar will be pleased to remove their overcoats, before getting upon their feet.—Unless they do so the Court will have to perform the unpleasant duty of making a formal objection to the custom. It is hoped that the Court will not be driven to such an alternative.

G. N. S.

A WINN-ING GAME THAT DIDN'T WIN.—Two years ago last July, Mr. Sebastian J. Luther, a Carroll township farmer, made a contract with an oily-tongued lightning-rod man to put a protector on his building, for which he was to pay $40. When the job was completed Luther gave his note for that amount, payable in one year, to N. M. Sickles, or bearer. In a few months after he received a letter signed by N. M. Sickles and dated at Allegheny City, proposing to make a liberal discount on the note if he would cash it. Mr. Luther at once forwarded to Sickles, at Allegheny, a check for the amount and duly received by mail a note exactly like the one he had given, with the same date and same amount, but with his signature torn off. Mr. Luther put the note away, supposing, of course, that the matter was finally closed. On Thursday last a well dressed man giving the name of John S. Winn visited his place and presenting to him the original note, demanded its payment. Luther told him he had already paid it to Sickles, but the stranger protested that Sickles had swindled him, informing Luther that he was a Government officer from Michigan, and unless the note was paid he would levy on his property and not only compel him to pay the amount of the note, but also mileage from Michigan at the rate of ten cents per mile. Instead of kicking the scoundrel out of his house, as he should have done, Mr. Luther became alarmed at his threats and cashed the note, whereupon the Michigander departed for Ebensburg. Some time after he left, Mr. Luther started for this place, reaching here about 4 P. M. He at once got out a warrant and placed it in the hands of Deputy Serff Kinkead, who, after discovering that Winn had given the go by to Heist's hotel, where he had stopped before going to Luther's, proceeded to the railroad station and thence to the Lloyd House, where he found him and conducted him to Justice Kinkead's office. He there claimed to be a practising lawyer in Jackson, Michigan, and therefore a gentleman who would scorn to be concerned in a dishonest transaction. The Justice informed him that he would hold him for a hearing at 10 o'clock the following day, when he promptly put up $300 for his appearance at that time, and was thereupon released. The matter was compromised, however, by him and Mr. Luther in an hour or two after they left the office of the Justice, but we know nothing about the terms of settlement. We suppose that Mr. Luther got his money back, but if he didn't satisfy himself beyond all doubt that the money was good, the chances are ten to one th t Winn has swindled him a second time with a lot of counterfeit national bank notes. The lesson Mr. Luther has learned will be useful to him, as well as to others, if the same fraudulent game is attempted to be played on them by Winn or any other swindler of the same stripe.

The little game played on Mr. Luther is not the first swindling operation in this county at which the aforesaid Winn has taken a hand, provided of course that Mr. William Carney, of Munster township, is correct in his assertions and conjectures. That gentleman assured us the other day that he was entirely convinced in his own mind that the man Winn was one of the parties interested in what he claims to have been the forging of his name, or rather mark, and the name of one of his daughters as subscribing witness, to a certain note for $230. This transaction occurred about two years ago, the value received for the note, as the holders maintain, being a lot of patent bed-bottoms shipped to Mr. Carney by a firm doing business at Jackson, Mich., under the name of R. M. Davis & Co., and for the sale of which Mr. Carney was to act as agent. The latter alleges that he never gave such a note, and that he sent all but two of the bed-bottoms back, the two he reserved being in lieu of the railroad freight he paid on the entire lot. Mr. Carney says he identifies Winn as the man who came to settle with him months ago by the description given of him, as well as by a remark he made about his ability to obtain bail to almost any amount without going very far, and had he been in town on Thursday last he declares that Winn would have been re-arrested and made to answer for the crime he alleges against him.

BRIEF MENTION.—Brother Conrad, of the McVeytown *Journal*, and his excellent wife have both been seriously indisposed for some weeks past, but we are glad to learn that they are surely though slowly recovering their wonted health, which we hope will be permanent when it does come.——We inadvertently omitted last week to note the death of Miss Annie M. J. Brown, daughter of William Brown, Esq., of Dudley, Huntingdon county, and niece of Henry Scanlan, Esq., of Carrolltown, this county, which sad event occurred at her home in Dudley the day before New Year's. Miss Brown was an amiable, accomplished and much beloved lady, and on several occasions contributed rare poetical gems to the columns of the FREEMAN under the *nom de plume* of "Minnie Myrtle." Her age was about 20 years and her disease consumption. May her soul rest in peace.——Our Philadelphia letter came one day late, and that accounts for its appearance on our local page, and also for the curtailment to some extent of its fair proportions.——Our young merchant friend, E. C. Parrish, was recently gladdened by the appearance on this mundane sphere of his first born, the same being of the feminine persuasion, and now he is saddened by an attack of chills, or something of that nature, which has confined him to the house. Who' we hope for his early and thorough recovery.——Our worthy young friend, Dr. Troxell, of Gallitzin, was married a few days ago to a young lady of Wilkesbarre, and never said a word to us before or since about it. We freely and fully forgive him, however, and hope that the blessings in store for him and his fair young bride may never be marred either in this world or the world to come.——Altoona has just lost one of its very best citizens by the death of Mr. Bernard J. Kelly, who suddenly expired on Wednesday afternoon, from hemorrhage of the lungs, while at work in the P. R. R. wheel shop. We knew Mr. Kelly since our early boyhood, and we can bear ample testimony to his integrity and kindness of heart. He was born in Ireland about fifty-six years ago, and leaves a wife and three children. May God grant rest eternal to his soul.——Mr. Uriah Bingham, of Johnstown, had his right thigh broken and was seriously hurt about the head and breast by a fall of slate in the C. I. Co.'s ore mine in Taylor township, on last Saturday morning. His recovery is, or at least was, considered doubtful.

SUDDEN DEATH OF AN OLD CITIZEN.—Mr. Matthew M. O'Neill died at his residence in this place on Monday night, January 16, 1882, aged about 61 years. Mr. O'Neill's death was sudden and unexpected and was a great shock to the entire community. He appeared to be in his usual health on the previous day, was up in town when the night train arrived about half-past ten o'clock, and then went to his home. About 9 o'clock the next morning his daughter Maggie went to his sleeping apartment to wake him, and was horrified to find him dead in his bed, the cause of his death, as we suppose, being disease of the heart. Deceased was born in Derry county, Ireland, and came to this country with his parents in 1828, when he was about six years old. His father settled on a farm in what is now Munster township, and died there many years ago. The deceased was a saddle and harness maker by trade, and carried on the business in this place during the last thirty years, and perhaps longer. We knew him well and can justly and truthfully say of him that he was upright and honest in all his worldly transactions, and conducted himself as a peaceable, quiet citizen. He was well known throughout the county and his large circle of friends will sincerely regret his sudden and untimely death.—His wife, a most excellent woman, preceded him to the grave a few years ago. Five daughters and two sons survive him. His remains were interred in the Catholic cemetery on Wednesday morning, after the usual religious exercises and an impressive and eloquent sermon by Rev. Father Reardon. May his soul rest in peace.

THERE are gains for all our losses,
There are balms for all our pains;
But when youth, the dream departs,
It takes something from our hearts,
And it never comes again.

Short metre. If anybody has lost anything of value and wants to make it up, our advice to him is to pay a visit to Jas. J. Murphy's Star Clothing Hall, 109 Clinton street, Johnstown, and buy a bill of goods. If he has lost one dollar and buys five dollars' worth of clothing, he will have made himself just square again. As to that something which now comes back to our hearts, we don't exactly understand what is meant by the expression, but we do know that Mr. Murphy has one of the largest and best stocks of clothing to be found anywhere, and—an important consideration—a special guaranty accompanies each and every article sold.

CRUSHED UNDER A MASS OF WIRE.—The upper floor of the wire works on Portage street, in Conemaugh borough, gave way about 4½ o'clock on last Saturday morning, the disaster being caused by the heavy weight of several tons of wire, and the entire mass came down on an employe named Michael Boylan, who was at work in the wire-drawing department underneath, fracturing his left arm above and below the elbow, pressing his forehead against the drawing-bench, and bruising his head and body in a shocking manner. It was also feared at the time that he was injured internally and that death was inevitable, but at latest accounts he was improving very rapidly, and his early recovery seems now to be as certain as his escape from a horrible death was miraculous.

ON THIRTY DAYS' TRIAL.—We will send Dr. Dye's Celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts and other Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to young men and older persons who are afflicted with Nervous Debility, Lost Vitality, etc., guaranteeing speedy relief and complete restoration of vigor and manhood. Also for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Paralysis, Liver and Kidney difficulties, Ruptures, and many other diseases. Illustrated pamphlet sent free. Address Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich. [10-28-1y.]

[ORIGINAL.]

"CHARITY BRINGETH PEACE."

ON THE DEATH OF THE LITTLE ONES.

Mother, now bring us the stockings;
I have just been away down the street;
The toys and the nuts and the playthings
I have, and the candies so sweet.

Two each for the eight, what a number—
Sixteen!—but there's plenty for all;
Just bring them here, mother, and hang them
Right up on the sitting room wall.

Eight of the most beautiful faces—
Yes, ten, for our own shall be there—
Will assemble on Christmas at daylight,
To take down each amply filled pair.

O! but they'll thank dear old Santa
With childish and warm-hearted glee,
And take down the wonderful stockings,
And look then at you and at me.

Mary, what now? Are you crying?
O, my! I forgot in my glee
That Death, the cold, heartless destroyer,
Has left to us now only three.

What shall I do with the presents?
Give all to the three that we keep,
And leave those who have gone up to heaven
Without when they wake from their sleep?

"No," said the mother, "dear Jacob,
To each we send their own part,"
(Although my good head is the larger,
She always is wiser in heart.)

"Not very far from our doorway
I know a poor widow with five,
Whom Santa Claus will be forgetting
If charity something don't give.

"Gifts to the little ones helpless,
You know, to the Lord are all given,
And He, if we pray Him to do so,
Will give them to ours in heaven."

Lonely the widow sat, sewing
And thinking, when down on the floor
A package from Santa Claus tumbled,
Right in through the half opened door.

Warmly she thanked the good donors,
And prayed that the Lord would impart
Contentment and peace in good measure,
For their kindness and goodness of heart.

Sleeping that night, I was given
A dream of such sweetness and bliss:
Methought that down from high heaven
My children came each with a kiss.

Saying, "'Tis Christmas in heaven—
Such Christmas as earth has ne'er seen;
O! papa, we never can tell you
Its brightness and glory serene.

"Gifts, too, of joy and of gladness—
Such gifts as we ne'er had before;
We'll keep them and show them to mamma
And you on the bright golden shore."

Never more now can I mourn them;
A halo seems left on my mind,
Of brightness, and glory, and sunshine,
With which they are ever enshrined.

Christmas will always bring nearer
And nearer, as each passes by,
The time when their gifts they will show me,
In heaven, beyond the blue sky.

O! when my treasures are stored there,
How e'er can my footsteps now roam
Away from the path that leads upward—
High up to our heavenly home.

Clearfield Twp., Cambria Co., Pa., Jan. 4, 1882.

Go west, young man, is good advice,
And many a heart it thrills,
Yet the east would be better off, we know,
If some young men before they go,
Would settle their unpaid bills.

Whether the young men go west or remain in the east, there will be no unpaid bills to worry him so far as S. Blumenthal, 1119 Eleventh avenue, Altoona, is concerned. That gentleman sells strictly for cash, and that's the reason why he is enabled to furnish ladies and gentlemen with boots and shoes at such remarkably low prices. He has now the biggest and best lot of wear for the feet ever seen in Altoona, and if an article goes out of his establishment which fails to give satisfaction, he will refund the money. Particular attention is directed to his Arctic overshoes, gum shoes, and other wear suitable for the sloppy weather we have been favored with so extensively this winter.

Men of Eminent Ability,

Scholars and chemists, have devoted years of time and skillful labor that they might, in a measure, relieve human suffering. Dr. Faust's German Aromatic Wine is the result of the most patient and careful experiments. It is prepared with the most scrupulous care from pure Grape Juice and the choicest Fruits, Roots and Herbs, and stands pre-eminently without an equal for the use of ladies suffering with private disorders, aged or feeble and debilitated persons, and those recovering from the effects of exhausting disease, or mental or physical overwork. Guaranteed to promote digestion and invigorate and give new and permanent vital force. In no way can it be used as an Intoxicant. Ask Druggists. For sale at E. James' new Drug Store, Ebensburg, Pa. [4-8.-e.o.w.1y.]

Go west, young man, is good advice,
Thrills many a heart this way,
But the west would be better off, you know,
If these young men, before they go,
Would change their minds and stay.

This is a suggestion which comes from the direction of the setting sun, and if it were lived up to, many would be better off. Stay where you are, buy your clothing at Simon & Bendheim's, next door to the First National Bank, Altoona, and all will be well with you. Messrs. S. & B., by the way, preparatory to making arrangements for the spring trade, are selling their entire stock of winter goods at actual cost. If you want to buy a full suit, or a coat, vest or pair of pantaloons, and particularly if you want to buy an overcoat, now is your time to invest. You will save money by so doing.

Oh, What a Cough!

Will you heed the warning, the signal, perhaps of the near approach of that most terrible disease Consumption? Ask yourself if you can afford for the sake of saving 50 cents to run the risk and do nothing for it. We know from experience that Shiloh's Cure will cure your cough. This will explain why *more than a million bottles* were sold the past year. It relieves Croup and Whooping Cough at once. Mothers, do not be without it. For Lame Back, Side, or Chest, use Shiloh's Porous Plasters. Sold by E. James, Ebensburg, Pa. [4-8.-e.o.w.1y.]

"THE Altoona *Tribune* says that Dr. A. Griffith, of Ebensburg, has been compelled to relinquish his practice," etc.—*Johnstown Tribune.*

The Altoona *Tribune* says so, does it? Well, didn't the FREEMAN say the same thing four days before it appeared in the *Tribune*, and wasn't it from these columns the aforesaid paper obtained its information? It seems to us that an item worth crediting at all is worth crediting to the paper in which it originally appeared—an acknowledgment which there was no excuse for withholding in this instance.

Ladies, for those distressing complaints to which you are subject, use Dr. Faust's German Aromatic Wine. [4-7,'81.-1y.]

HYMENEAL.

MORRISON—COULTER.—Married, in Altoona, on Thursday, Jan. 12, 1882, by Alderman John O'Toole, Mr. LISLE F. MORRISON, of Houtzdale, Clearfield county, and Miss JENNIE COULTER, of Lloydsville, this county.

OBITUARY.

CRAWFORD.—Died, at the residence of her aughter, Mrs. Pruner, in the East ward, on Saturday, Jan. 14, 1882, after a long and painful illness, Mrs. SUSAN CRAWFORD, aged about 60 years.

BE NOT DECEIVED

By Plasters claiming to be an improvement on ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS.

ALLCOCK'S is the original and only genuine Porous Plasters; all other so-*called POROUS PLASTERS are imitations. BEWARE of THEM.*

See that you get an ALLCOCK'S PLASTER, which we guarantee has effected more and quicker cures than any other external Remedy.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

[12-23.-e.o.w.6m.]

WILLIAM A. GITTINGS,
—DEALER IN—
PIANOS AND ORGANS
OF THE VERY BEST MAKES.
High Street, - - Ebensburg, Pa.

Repairing and tuning of instruments promptly and satisfactorily attended to, and instructions in vocal and instrumental music given at reasonable rates. Pianos and Organs sold to reliable parties on monthly or other payments when desired. Call and see. [1-20,'82.-tf.]

ADMINISTRATRIX'S NOTICE.

Estate of CHRISTIAN LEAP, deceased. Letters of administration on the estate of Christian Leap, late of Washington township, Cambria county, Pa., deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims to present them properly authenticated for settlement.

MARY LEAP, Administratrix.
Washington Twp., Jan. 20, 1882.-6t.

EBENSBURG REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.—The House and Lot in the West Ward, Ebensburg Borough, known as the "Clark Property," now in the occupancy of Mr. F. Grief, is offered for sale at a reasonable price and on easy terms. Possession given April 1st, 1882. Call on or address

A. W. BUCK,
Ebensburg, Pa.
Jan. 20, 1882.-3t.

B. & B.

There are two departments we invite special attention to this week.

NAINSOOK and CAMBRIC EDGINGS and INSERTINGS.

Entirely new designs, and made on IMPROVED CLOTHS, the patterns being so exquisite that they can justly be classed as works of art, while the prices are not only unsurpassed, but we think unequalled, and if you will kindly give us a call or an order before buying your Hamburgs, we know you will be surprised at the bargains offered in these fine goods.

THE OTHER DEPARTMENT IS

LADIES' MUSLIN UNDERWEAR,

made of superior Muslins and Cambrics and with a view to attract the best buyers—said Underwear ranging from Good, Common Plaid Goods up to the Finest Trimmed Grades.

25 dozen Plain Chemises at 30c. each.

20 dozen Ladies' Embroidered Chemises at $1.00 each. A good and absolute bargain.

50 dozen Ladies' White Skirts at $1.00, $1.25 and $1.50. Splendid values.

20 dozen Ladies' Night Dresses at $1.00, $1.23 and $1.50. Splendid bargains.

10 dozen Ladies' Embroidered Drawers at 50c.

New Shirt and Chemise combined in four grades, Trimmed, Lace and Embroidery.

These are only a few of the special values in these goods, but altogether we are showing a line in this department that directly interests the pocketbooks of buyers, as well as satisfies the good taste of all in the matter of finish, design and quality.

Two cases new Irish Crochet and Registered Cotton Trimmings. Choice designs and best values now offered. Wholesale and Retail.

Bargains in all our 26 departments of last week are continued, with additions placed on each counter daily. All our broken lines and surplus stock must and will be sold.

One lot 22-inch Black Satin at 75c.

Fancy Brocade Silks and Silk Mixtures, on Silk Counter, at 50c.

Brocade Velvets, $1.00 up to finest grades. All reduced.

Bargains in Fancy Plushes, $2.50, from $4.50.

Bargains in Plain Black Silk Costume Velvets at $2.25, worth $3.00.

100 pieces, being all our fine Fancy French Dress Goods, Plaids and Stripes, placed on a counter at $1.25—reduced from $2.00 and $2.50 per yard.

Piles of Wool Filling Dress Goods at 10, 12½ and 16c.; worth 25c. to the consumer.

1,000 dozen Linen Towels on sale at prices of special interest.

BOGGS & BUHL,
115 FEDERAL STREET, ALLEGHENY.

N. B.—Visit our Cloak Department. We are giving bargains in Fine, Elegant Wraps never heard of before. Fine Seal Sacques and Circulars. All must be sold. Some Seal Sacques marked down to $110.00. Some Fur-Lined Circulars marked down to $25.00 and $28.00. Extra fine grades at an equal reduction.

TWENTY-FIFTH ANNUAL STATEMENT
—OF THE—
Protection Mutual Fire Insurance Company
OF CAMBRIA COUNTY,
For the Year ending January 9, 1882.

Am't of property insured Jan. 10, 1881		$1,439,054.82
Am't of property insured during year	294,937.00—	$1,733,991.82
Deduct amount expired during year	211,187.00	
Deduct amount surrendered and cancelled	21,995.00—	233,182.00
Am't property insured Jan. 9, 1882		$1,500,809.82
Am't of premium notes in force Jan. 10, 1881		$ 136,007.58
Am't premium notes taken during year	27,137.00—	$ 163,144.58
Deduct amount expired during year	19,530.00	
Deduct amount surrendered during year	2,247.00—	21,777.00
Am't premium notes in force Jan. 9, '82		$ 141,367.58
Number of policies issued during the year		268
Number of policies in force Jan. 9, 1882		1504
CASH ACCOUNT—RECEIPTS.		
Am't on hand at last settlement	$1,595.09	
Cash for new insurance	1,061.22	
Amount Assessment No. 6	96.59	
Interest received	26.66—	$2,779.56
EXPENDITURES—LOSSES PAID.		
P. F. Custer	$ 14.00	
Peter Follmer	12.00	
George Rorabaugh	6.00	
Jacob Krug	33.00	
Augustine Yost	1,000.00	
David Rees Jones	75.30	
OTHER EXPENSES.		
Commis'n on Assessment No. 6	4.83	
Secretary's fees	134.00	
Treasurer's salary	80.00	
Rent	40.00	
Agents' commission	201.00	
Premiums returned for Policies cancelled	33.92	
Printing, postage, stationery, expressage, etc.	171.69	
Compensat'n Execu've Com'tee.	25.00—	$1,148.74
Balance on hand		$ 630.82
Premium notes in force Jan. 9, 1882		$141,367.58

January 16, 1882, the foregoing account audited, found correct and approved.

JOHN LLOYD, } Executive Committee,
JOHN J. EVANS, }
Ebensburg, Jan. 20, 1882.-3t.

JOHN WANAMAKER'S STORE

The Largest General Store in the United States.

Samples and Descriptive Catalogue sent free when requested.

A STOCK AMOUNTING TO NEARLY FIVE MILLION DOLLARS ALWAYS ON EXHIBITION

The block, from 13th St. to City Hall Square and Market St., including 1301, 1303, 1313, 1315, 1317 and 1319 Chestnut St.

Absolute faithfulness by both parties the basis of all transactions.

GRAND DEPOT PHILADELPHIA

ORPHANS' COURT SALE.

BY virtue of an order issuing out of the Orphans' Court of Cambria county, to me directed, I will expose to sale by public vendue or outcry, on the premises, on

Monday, the 13th day of February, 1882,

At 2 o'clock, P. M., the following described real estate, of which DAVID YOUNGKIN died seized, to wit:

A PIECE OR PARCEL OF LAND

situate in Reade township, Cambria county, Pa., adjoining land of James Gill and other land belonging to the estate of said decedent. The land will be divided into lots to suit purchasers.

TERMS OF SALE.

One-third of the purchase money to be paid on confirmation of sale and the balance in three months, with interest, to be secured by the judgment note of the purchaser.

JOHN H. FISKE,
Adm'r of DAVID YOUNGKIN, deceased.
Jan. 20, 1882.-3t.

ATTENTION, EVERYBODY!
J. G. LLOYD,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
COAL, COKE AND LIME.
EBENSBURG, PA.
LAND LIME A SPECIALTY. [1-13.-tf.]

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—The undersigned Auditor, appointed by the Orphans' Court of Cambria county to hear and decide upon the exceptions filed to the account of M. D. Kittell, Esq., Administrator of the estate of John G. Lake, deceased, and report distribution of the fund in the hands of the accountant, hereby notifies all parties interested that he will attend to the duties of said appointment at his office in Ebensburg, on *Monday, February 6th, 1882*, at 1 o'clock, P. M., when and where all persons interested must present their claims, or be debarred from coming in upon said fund.

JNO. E. SCANLAN, Auditor.
Ebensburg, Jan. 17, 1882.-3t.

WM. H. SECHLER, *Johnstown, Pa.*
M. D. KITTELL, *Ebensburg, Pa.*
SECHLER & KITTELL,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
JOHNSTOWN AND EBENSBURG.
OFFICES in Luther & Green's large brick building, corner Main and Clinton sts., Johnstown and in Colonade Row, Ebensburg. [7-4,'81.]

THE BEST OFFER YET!

WE ALWAYS TRY TO GIVE OUR CUSTOMERS THE VERY BEST BARGAINS AT ALL TIMES, BUT OWING TO THE SOFT, MILD WEATHER WE HAVE HAD THIS WINTER, WE ARE COMPELLED TO MAKE A SACRIFICE ON SOME GOODS, RATHER THAN CARRY THEM OVER TILL NEXT SEASON. THEREFORE DURING THE ENSUING TWO MONTHS WE SHALL OFFER ALL OUR HEAVY GOODS AT VERY GREATLY REDUCED PRICES, IN ORDER THAT WE MAY BE ABLE TO REDUCE OUR STOCK SO AS TO MAKE ROOM FOR OUR SPRING GOODS. THIS BEING OUR PURPOSE, WE CAN AND WILL SELL HEAVY BOOTS, MEN AND WOMEN'S OVERSHOES, LADIES' SHAWLS, AND ALL THAT CLASS OF GOODS, AT LOWER FIGURES THAN THEY CAN BE BOUGHT ELSEWHERE. WE INVITE ALL TO CALL AND EXAMINE OUR GOODS AND PRICES BEFORE PURCHASING AT ANY OTHER STORE, AS WE DEFY COMPETITION AND WISH EVERYBODY TO JUDGE FOR THEMSELVES AS TO THE QUALITY AND CHEAPNESS OF OUR GOODS.

V. S. BARKER & BRO.
EBENSBURG, JAN. 13, 1882.

JOHN LLOYD

IS A MODEST MAN AND DOES NOT LIKE TOO MUCH BLOWING, BUT HE NEVERTHELESS WISHES TO SAY THAT HE HAS AN

Elegant Assortment of Goods!

comprising all articles usually kept in country stores. For instance, he has

About Twenty OVERCOATS!

WHICH WILL BE SOLD NOW AT REDUCED PRICES;

About Twenty-Five SUITS CLOTHES!

that he will dispose of at a discount of 10 per cent.;

A Few Remnants of the Third Lot of All-Wool Flannels,

purchased by him last Fall and has been selling at 35 cts. per yard, (*and when he says all wool he means all wool*); a small pile of

Standard Prints at 6 1-2 Cts. by the Web,

stacks of which he sold during the past Fall. (*Here again let us remark that when Mr. Lloyd says Standard Prints he means Standard Prints.*) There are also many other seasonable goods at the LLOYD STORE in the purchase of which buyers may rest assured that more than full value for their money can be secured, but of these bargain we cannot say more until next week. Meantime let buyers flock in.

WHEN YOU WANT
PURE FRESH DRUGS OR PATENT MEDICINES!
YOU ARE RESPECTFULLY INVITED TO CALL AT
JAMES' NEW DRUG STORE, EBENSBURG, PA.
PURE FRESH GOODS! | NO MISREPRESENTATION! | BOTTOM PRICES!
LINSEED and MACHINE OILS, PAINTS, VARNISH, PUTTY, TURPENTINE, WHITE LEAD, COLORS, (Dry and in Oil) BRUSHES, ETC.
Also, a very full and complete stock of
BLANK BOOKS AND STATIONERY!
POCKET BOOKS, PURSES, COMBS, BRUSHES, ALBUMS, PERFUMERY, TOILET SETS, ETC., ETC.
PURE GROUND SPICES AND FLAVORING EXTRACTS.
PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY COMPOUNDED.
YOUR PATRONAGE SOLICITED.

C. T. ROBERTS,
DEALER IN
CLOCKS, WATCHES, JEWELRY, BOOKS, STATIONERY,
BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, CAPS, GROCERIES,
Notions, Medicines, Wall Paper, Cigars, Tobacco, Fancy Goods, Toys, &c.
VARIETY STORE, EBENSBURG, PA.
RELIABLE GOODS. HONEST PRICES. FAIR DEALING.

GEO. W. YEAGER,
—CASH DEALER IN ALL KIND OF—
HEATING AND COOKING STOVES,
—AND MANUFACTURER OF—
TIN AND SHEET-IRON WARE,
1402 Eleventh Ave., Altoona, Pa.
CHEAPEST PLACE IN THE CITY. Roofing, Spouting and Repairing of all kind promptly and satisfactorily attended to. [10-24,'79.-tf.]

A Fine Farm for Sale.

A VALUABLE FARM (PINE GROVE), situated in Allegheny township, Cambria county, Pa., 1½ miles from Loretto, containing over **100 Acres** of good land, more than **60 Acres** of which are cleared, well fenced and in a good state of cultivation, is offered for sale on accommodating terms. The improvements consist of a large DWELLING HOUSE, containing eleven rooms and a kitchen, a comfortable FARM HOUSE, a large BARN, and commodious outbuildings. There are also on the land an abundance of **timber** and **coal**, plenty of choice fruit, such as apples, peaches, pears, cherries, grapes, etc., a good well of soft water, and a number of never-failing springs of pure water.

The owner wishes to retire from business and will sell very cheap. Payments easy, to suit purchaser, and a perfectly good title given. The property is in a very healthy location, with a grand view from the house, and for more than twenty-five years has been used as a delightful resort for summer boarders.

For further information apply to

E. A. BUSH,
Jan. 6, 1881.-tf. LORETTO, PA.

HOTEL PROPERTY FOR SALE OR RENT.—Increasing age having rendered it necessary for the undersigned to retire from active business, he offers for sale his large BRICK HOTEL PROPERTY in Ebensburg, long and favorably known as the "Laterner House." Said house is located on the corner of High and Centre streets, in the most prominent part of the town, is three stories high, with mansard roof, contains fourteen large rooms, and is in excellent condition throughout. There is a good stable, smoke-house and other needful buildings on the premises. The property will be sold at a fair price and on accommodating terms, but if not disposed of in that way by the 1st of April next, it will then be for rent on the right terms to the right party.

MICHAEL LATERNER.
Ebensburg, Jan. 13, 1882.-2m.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—In the Orphans' Court of Cambria county.

In the matter of the account of James M. Singer, Administrator of George Wehn, deceased:

And now, 12th December, 1881, on motion of Geo. M. Reade, Esq., Alvin Evans appointed Auditor to decide and report upon the exceptions filed to the second and partial account of said Administrator and make report to next term.

By the Court.

In pursuance of the above appointment, I will sit at my office in Ebensburg, on *Monday, the 30th day of January, A. D. 1882*, at 1 o'clock, P. M., to attend to said duties—at which time and place all persons interested may attend if they see proper.

ALVIN EVANS, Auditor.
Ebensburg, Jan. 13, 1882.-3t.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—In Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county.

In the matter of the first and final account of Philip Pritch, Assignee of J. A. Maher:

And, now, to wit, the fifth day of December, A. D. 1881, Alvin Evans appointed Auditor in the above stated case to report distribution of balance in hands of accountant to the persons entitled to receive the same.

By the Court.

In pursuance of the above appointment, I will sit at my office in Ebensburg, on *Friday, the 10th day of February, A. D. 1882*, at 2 o'clock, P. M., to attend to said duties—at which time and place all persons interested may attend if they see proper.

ALVIN EVANS, Auditor.
Ebensburg, Jan. 13, 1882.-3t.

TO MY OLD AND NEW
FRIENDS AND CUSTOMERS
AND THE GENERAL PUBLIC!

I am happy to inform you that I find I have now on hand one of the largest and best stocks of

Dry Goods, Notions and General Supplies

that I ever had since I came among you to sell goods. Fortunately I was late in making my selections and purchases for the present season, and owing to that fact I did very much better than I could otherwise have done, as the remarkably fine weather during the past Fall kept back customers and left wholesale merchants with large stocks of goods and a great desire to sell, fearing as they naturally did that they would be obliged to carry them over to another season. Hence they offered and I purchased all my goods at from 20 to 30 per cent. below regular wholesale prices, and I now propose to give my customers the advantage of these great reductions. In my immense stock will be found nearly everything necessary for household and personal use, among which may be mentioned a large lot of

WHITE AND GRAY WOOL BLANKETS,
A NICE LOT OF HAPS,
And a huge pile of LADIES' SACQUES,
all of which will be sold very cheap. Also, a full and fine selection of
Ladies' and Misses' WOOLEN SKIRTS,
all new and very choice; a complete assortment of the latest styles of
DRESS GOODS, DRY GOODS,
Notions, &c.; an ample supply of **Woolen Yarns** of all colors and qualities, and a full, elegant and varied stock of
BOOTS, SHOES & RUBBER GOODS,
to say nothing of a never-failing supply of
Teas, Coffees, Sugars, Tobaccos, Spices,
Flour, Feed, Provisions, &c.,
all of which will **positively be sold at the very lowest notch.** You are respectfully invited to call and see for yourselves.

THOMAS BRADLEY.
GALLITZIN, CAMBRIA CO., PA., Dec. 23, 1881.-2m.

St. Elmo Hotel,
PHILADELPHIA.
Rates Reduced to $2.00 per Day.

The travelling public will still find at this Hotel the same liberal provision for their comfort. It is located in the immediate centres of business and amusement, and the different Rail Road depots, as well as all parts of the city, are easily accessible by street cars constantly passing the doors. It offers special inducements for those visiting the city for business or pleasure.

Your patronage is respectfully solicited.
JOS. M. FEGER, Proprietor.
Philadelphia, Nov. 1, 1880.-tf.

GEO. M. READE, *Attorney-at-Law*, Ebensburg, Pa. Office on Centre street, three doors from High street. [8-27,'79.]

THE PITTSBURGH
WEEKLY POST
FOR THE YEAR 1882.

Democratic Organization, Principles and Candidates.

No Lowering the Flag. No Surrender. No Concession.

But the Renewal of the Old Battle for an Old Time Victory.

Never was there a greater necessity for activity, watchfulness, and unyielding political integrity, than there now is in the Democratic party. As an opposition party it can defeat the conspirators. Its organization must be maintained in all its old time vigor; its party usages and traditions cherished; its own selected leaders trusted and encouraged; its membership strengthened and educated in the faith of the fathers. To the Democratic party is confided the exalted duty of defeating the efforts of men in the Republican party to set up another form of government in place of that which exists. Therefore it is the highest patriotism to defend and maintain organization in its greatest effectiveness.

THE PITTSBURGH POST is committed to this principle in all its length and breadth, and if possible more vigorously and uncompromisingly than in the past will it labor to strengthen the party, hold up the hands of its trusted leaders, spread Democratic truth and promote by all honorable means the success of Democratic candidates, National, State and local.

So much for the political course of THE WEEKLY POST during the coming year; but in all its departments it will maintain the highest degree of usefulness to its readers as a family journal.

THE LITERARY DEPARTMENT will be enriched by a choice and carefully selected miscellany, consisting of tales, poetry, sketches, humor and biography.

THE NEWS DEPARTMENT will be carefully edited and include a careful summary of the events of the week at home and abroad, with specials, telegrams and correspondence from Washington and Harrisburg during the sessions of Congress and the Legislature.

AN AGRICULTURAL and HOUSEHOLD DEPARTMENT will be added as a new and attractive feature.

THE MARKET REPORTS, and especially reports of cattle markets, will be prepared with the utmost care, and afford information of the highest value to the farmer and dealer.

EDITORIALLY, THE WEEKLY POST will discuss all questions with candor and sincerity. It will promote as best it can a Democratic revival and resist all efforts to disintegrate the party or weaken the organization. It therefore appeals with confidence to Democrats to second its efforts by extending its circulation.

TERMS:

THE PITTSBURGH WEEKLY POST.

EIGHT PAGES—FIFTY-SIX COLUMNS.

One Copy—One Year	$1.50
In Clubs of Five or More	1.25

An Extra Copy for Every Club of 10.
Send for Specimen Copy.

THE DAILY POST.

Published Every Morning (except Sunday).

By Mail, per annum, postage free	$8.00
" 6 months, " "	4.00
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JAS. P. BARR & CO.,
145 Wood Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

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THE NEW YORK
WEEKLY WORLD.

New Presses, New Type Throughout, New Building, New Appliances of Every Kind, and New Life in Every Department.

TO ANY ADDRESS, POSTAGE PAID, $1.00 A YEAR.
50 CTS. FOR SIX MONTHS.

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FAMILY PAPER!

Special Departments for EVERY MEMBER of the Household.

1. All the News, fully and succinctly.
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Each department is perfect of its kind, and all combined make the best Weekly Newspaper ever published.

The New York World has no superior on either side of the Water as a Live, Brilliant, Perfectly Appointed, Progressive Newspaper.

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THE NEW YORK WORLD
World Building, New York.
Dec. 2, 1881.-6t.

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A SPLENDID
DICTIONARY!
—TO—
EVERY YEARLY SUBSCRIBER
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ALLISON'S WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY,

Just issued, containing over 50,000 words and phrases, abbreviations, useful facts and tables, foreign words and phrases, list of mythological and classical names, Scripture proper names, the United States census of 1880, etc., also over 200 illustrative engravings; handsomely bound in cloth.

The WEEKLY TELEGRAPH for one year, including the above Dictionary, postage prepaid, $1.25. Subscriptions received by all postmasters. Send for sample copy.

CLUBBING RATES.

The WEEKLY TELEGRAPH and the CAMBRIA FREEMAN for one year, including copy of Dictionary, only $2.50. All subscriptions payable in advance. [1-6.-2m.]

THE PATRIOT.

A Pennsylvania Newspaper for the General Public.

The DAILY PATRIOT is the only morning newspaper published at the State Capital.

The DAILY PATRIOT makes a specialty of Pennsylvania news.

The DAILY PATRIOT publishes the Associated Press news and specials from all points.

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The DAILY PATRIOT opposes monopoly, bossism and centralization of political power.

Terms: $6.00 per annum, *strictly in advance*, or $7.00 per annum if not paid in advance. For any period less than one year at proportionate rates.

The WEEKLY PATRIOT is a large, eight page paper, devoted to literature, agriculture, science, manufactures, news, markets, etc. During 1882 each number will contain an illustration of some prominent topic of event. This is an attractive feature which cannot fail to please. Terms: $1 per annum invariably in advance. One copy of the WEEKLY PATRIOT and one copy of the Philadelphia *Weekly Times* will be sent one year for $2.00 cash in advance, thus giving the two papers for the subscription price of the latter. One copy of the WEEKLY PATRIOT and one copy of the *College Hearth*, an excellent monthly magazine, published at Boston at $1.50 per annum, will be sent one year for $1.70 cash in advance. One copy of the WEEKLY PATRIOT and one copy of the CAMBRIA FREEMAN will be sent one year for $2.25 cash in advance. Send in your *subscriptions at once*. Address this office if you wish to subscribe for the FREEMAN and PATRIOT; if not, address

PATRIOT PUBLISHING CO.,
Jan. 6, 1882.-6t. Harrisburg, Pa.

DR. M. J. BUCK,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
ALTOONA, PA.

Office and residence on Fourteenth street, near Eleventh avenue, where night calls can be made. Office hours from 8 to 10, A. M., and from 2 to 4 and 6 to 8, P. M. Special attention paid to Diseases of the Eye and Ear, as well as to Surgical Operations of every description. [4-19.-1f.]

MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM, OF LYNN, MASS.,

Woman can Sympathize with Woman.
Health of Woman is the Hope of the Race.
Yours for Health
Lydia E. Pinkham

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S
VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

Is a Positive Cure

for all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best female population.

It will cure entirely the worst form of Female Complaints, all ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and the consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use.

It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion.

That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.

It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system.

For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price $1. Six bottles for $5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. *Mention this Paper.*

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure constipation, biliousness, and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents per box.

Sold by all Druggists.

Aug. 12, 1881.-1y.

HOSTETTER'S
CELEBRATED
STOMACH
BITTERS

The name of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is heard in every dwelling, it finds a place in every household, and its praises are sounded throughout the whole Western Hemisphere, as a general invigorant, a cure for sick headache, a specific for flatulency and sour stomach, an appetizing stomachic, and an excellent blood depurant and certain remedy for intermittent fever and kindred diseases.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

PE-RU-NA

$1000

Will be paid if any impurities or mineral substances are found in PERUNA, or for any case it will not cure or help.

PERUNA is purely a vegetable compound. It is not equaled by any or all other medicines combined. This is strong language, but it is true.

PERUNA is being more extensively prescribed by honest physicians than any other half-dozen remedies known to the profession.

PERUNA positively cures consumption and all other lung and heart diseases.

For intermittent fever, chills and fever, dumb ague, the infallible remedy is PERUNA.

No matter what your disease is, where located, be you young or old, male or female, go at once for PERUNA.

Tell your neighbors and your friends that PERUNA is the only remedy, and will cure you and them. Send for a pamphlet.

S. B. HARTMAN & CO., Osborn, Ohio.

Keep your bowels and pelvic organs regular with

MAN-A-LIN

Sold at the New Drug Store, Postoffice, Ebensburg, Pa. [5-13.'81.-1y.*12

HOP BITTERS.
(A Medicine, not a Drink.)

CONTAINS
HOPS, BUCHU, MANDRAKE, DANDELION,
AND THE PUREST AND BEST MEDICAL QUALITIES OF ALL OTHER BITTERS.

THEY CURE

All Diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Blood, Liver, Kidneys, and Urinary Organs, Nervousness, Sleeplessness and especially Female Complaints.

$1000 IN GOLD.

Will be paid for a case they will not cure or help, or for anything impure or injurious found in them.

Ask your druggist for Hop Bitters and try them before you sleep. **Take no other.**

D. I. C. is an absolute and irresistible cure for Drunkenness, use of opium, tobacco and narcotics.

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This work is designed to fill a want that amateur and professional Horticulturists have long felt—the need of a concise yet comprehensive Dictionary of Plants.

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OUR COMBINED CATALOGUE OF
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T. W. DICK,
General Insurance Agent,
EBENSBURG, PA.

Policies written at short notice in the
OLD RELIABLE "ÆTNA"
And other First Class Companies.
Ebensburg, Sept. 22, 1880.-1y.*

$2 Watches. Stem winders $3.50. White metal Hunting Case $5. Imitation gold $8. Solid gold $12. Cheapest and best for your own use or speculative purposes. Valuable catalogue free. THOMPSON & CO., 122 Nassau St. New York.

WONDERFUL STRENGTH OF INSECTS.

MEASURING THE MOVEMENTS OF A FLY'S WINGS AND THE POWER OF AN ANT.

"If you want to see muscle," a naturalist said, "take a glance through this glass," pointing to a seat before a powerful microscope. The drop of Croton water was fairly alive with little round or oval bodies. There was nothing specially remarkable about them; but soon a wonderful creature rolled upon the scene from a distant part of the drop. In appearance it resembled a crystal bell. The edges were ornamented with a delicate fringe, and the entire mass was as transparent as glass. The mouth of the bell was evidently the mouth of the animal, because the observer saw it rush along like a scoop, and turning down, fasten its edges to the bottom, as if to secure some minute animal that was resisting, and a second later some object could be seen passing up into the body.

"If you had the strength of that animal," the naturalist said, "in proportion to your size, you could take Trintty church by its steeple and toss it over into New Jersey. There are animals in this drop that we can't see with this powerful glass. Suppose there was this same difference in size among the larger animals. Elephants would be as large as the State of Rhode Island. If this bell animal was as much larger than man as it is than these little creatures it is eating, we would see a gigantic scope of jelly larger than the Forty-second street reservoir coming down upon us, whirling in the water and causing such a suction that a regiment of men would, if in the water, be hurled and twisted and then encompassed by it. The strength of the creature can be imagined, when it is known that the smallest section of the finest hair that could be cut seemed like a mountain beside it; yet the microscopic creature moved the end of an entire hair placed over tne glass. In moving about it threw aside bits of algæ and mud. That could be compared to the act of a single man striking down one of the giant trees of California or kicking over a block of houses. I am devising an instrument to measure the powei of these microscopic giants. You see, among the lot there are always a number to that seen, from no special cause, to be in great terror, rushing about wildly, stopping at nothing, passing through masses of weed and mud in direct lines. Now, the force with which they bring up against a barrier is certainly the maximum of their strength; so I arranged a machine after the plan of one that I have seen to measure the velocity of shot, the latter striking a frame, and the force of the blow being recorded on a scale. For my partition I took what was evidently the eggshell or cover of some microscopic animal. I attached it by one end to a larger body, and the whole thing stood over a delicate scale that was cut on the glass slide, and as the animals rushed along they struck the partition or band and pushed it around the scale."

"What was the result?"

"Well, to tell the truth, the first one that came along broke down the partition, and I havn't been able to adjust it again. When I do I'll let you know. I haven't sold any stock yet, and haven't even applied for a patent, so the general public won't suffer. I have in hand another instrument, with which I intend to measure the movements of the wings and legs of insects per minute and second, and I think they can be photographed as well as the feet of a trotter while in motion. This will be fine work, as with a simple instrument I have shown that the wings of a common house-fly move more than 200 times per second, and the machine lost more than half the vibrations. I have watched a fly for five minutes hanging almost in one spot under a chandelier kept up by the continuous movement of its wings, and estimated that the operation required ovor 100,000 beats of the wings, or over 400 a second, or 800 simple oscillations, and the house-fly is not as lively as some others of the tribe. I have, in following wild bees to find their nest, found that they are often on the wing thirty minutes in forty-five, the allowance being for the time in which they were on flowers, and during that period they must have beat their wings 342,000 times. A spider can bind a fly securely, winding twenty or thirty cables of silk about it, in less than a second and a half. These rapid movements show the wonderful physical powers of small animals. Here are some contrivances to measure the strength of beetles and large insects."

One was a long box, sanded on the bottom with glass sides. At the end was a small friction wheel, over which ran a silk thread. On one end was attached a tissue-paper receptacle for weights, and the other was tied in a slip noose. A large black ant was taken from a flask, the noose caught around his body, and, on being released, rushed away up the miniature street, hoisting the scales and three grains of corn with the greatest ease. A small red ant was then brought out, and, after showing evidence of a decidedly mulish disposition, it ran off, hoisting a very heavy pea.

"An ant can carry a weight about seventy-five times its own," the naturalist said. If you had the muscle of one of these little creatures in proportion to your size you could lift about 11,000 pounds."—*Baltimore Gazette.*

CELERY FOR RHEUMATISM.—It is asserted that rheumatism is impossible if celery is cooked and freely eaten. The fact that it is always put on the table raw prevents its therapeutic powers from becoming known. The celery should be cut into bits, boiled in water until soft, and the water drank by the patient. Put new milk, with a little flour and nutmeg, into a saucepan with a little boiled celery, serve it warm with piecss of toast; eat it with potatoes, and the painful ailment will soon yield. Such is the declaration of a physician who has again and again tried the experiment, and was uniformly successful. He adds that cold or damp never produces, but simply develops the disease, of which acid blood is the primary and sustaining cause, and that while the blood is alkaline there can be neither rheumatism nor gout. English statistics show that in one year—1876—3,840 persons died of rheumatism, and every case, it is claimed, might have been cured or prevented by adoption of the remedy mentioned. At least two-thirds of the cases named heart disease are ascribed to rheumatism and its agonizing ally, gout. Small-pox, so much dreaded, is not half so destructive as rheumatism, which, it is maintained by many physicians, can be prevented by obeying nature's laws in diet. But if you have incurred it, boiled celery is pronounced unhesitatingly to be a specific remedy.

HOW TO MAKE COWS GIVE MILK.—A writer in the *Southern Farmer* says his cow gives all the milk that is wanted in a family of eight, and that from it, after taking all that is required for other purposes, 260 pounds of butter was made this year. This is in part his treatment of the cow: "If you desire to get a large yield of rich milk give your cows every day water slightly salted in which bran has been stirred at the rate of one quart to two gallons of water. You will find, if you have not tried this daily practice, that your cow will give twenty-five per cent. more milk immediately under the effects of it, and they will become so attached to the diet as to refuse to drink clear water unless very thirsty. But this mess she will drink almost any time, and ask for more. The amount of this drink necessary is an ordinary water pail full at a time, morning, noon and night."

MRS. M. WATCHER, Springdale, Pa. My Chronic Catarrh is much better, from the use of PERUNA.

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BOOTS AND SHOES

We have the largest and most varied assortment we have ever carried. We have taken special pains this fall in selecting our stock of LADIES' FINE SHOES, and we take pride in saying that we have much the finest assortment in Ebensburg, while in BOOTS FOR MEN AND BOYS everybody knows we keep twice as many as any other merchant in town; so it is useless for us to say anything further about BOOTS or SHOES, except that we have all kinds and qualitie, as well as

Overshoes in Gum and Cloth,

either buckled or plain, for both sexes and of all qualities and sizes.

OUR STOCK OF CLOTHING

is much larger than we have ever before kept. We have found it difficult heretofore on account of our meagre assortment to fit children from 4 to 10 years of age, but now we have all the sizes requisite for children of any age, while for men we have suits at any price desired, and will guarantee to sell you a complete outfit as cheap as the same kind of a suit can be bought at any other establishment in the State. Our special bargain, however, and it is a great bargain indeed, is a

SUIT WE ARE SELLING FOR TEN DOLLARS.

We claim that it is the cheapest suit of clothes in the country, and the very best for the money. We also have the

LARGEST STOCK OF OVERCOATS

ever displayed in Ebensburg. If you want to see the

Cheapest HATS and Winter CAPS

you ever did see, call at our store and we will show them to you. We challenge anybody to show you as good Hats at 75c. and $1.00 as we are offering at those prices. We have also a

SPLENDID LINE OF WATERPROOFS
IN DIFFERENT COLORS:
AN ELEGANT LINE OF FLANNELS IN ALL COLORS,
SUITABLE FOR DRESSES OR SHIRTS;
A VERY NICE LINE OF CLOTHS AND CASSIMERES FOR MEN'S AND BOYS' WEAR;
A Fashionable Line of Dress Goods for the Ladies;
THE LARGEST AND BEST LINE OF UNDERWEAR FOR LADIES AND GENTS;
A MAGNIFICENT LINE OF QUEENSWARE.

But we haven't room enough to enumerate half the goods we have for sale; so we will simply say that we keep Axes, Baskets, Clocks, Drugs, Elephant Overalls, Fish, Gossamers, Hardware, Ink, St. Jacob's Oil, Kendall's Spavin Cure, Lamps, Merino Hose, Napkins, Oil Cloth, Paints, Quilts, Rope, Shirts, Tinware, Umbrellas, Varnishes, Whips, XX Flour, Yarn, Zero Overshoes, and everything else that people need in housekeeping, farming, and all other pursuits of life.

We take all kind of GRAIN and PRODUCE in exchange for Goods,

And sell the Goods at just the same prices as we do for cash.

☞ Thanking all our friends for past favors, we again cordially invite them to call at our store and examine our goods and prices, believing that we can sell them goods as cheap as any one else can do, and knowing that they will find with us the largest assortment of goods to select from.

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NOVEMBER 11, 1881. Ebensburg, Pa.

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PHILADELPHIA
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Newspaper Advertising Bureau, 10 Spruce St., N. Y.

VACCINE VIRUS.

WHERE IT COMES FROM AND HOW IT GATHERED.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati *Enquirer* gives the following account of the manner in which vaccine virus is produced at the Agricultural College at Columbus, Ohio:

Upon entering the shed I saw two or three professional looking men, one of them with his coat and hat off, and a surgical instrument in his hand. Another gentleman, who appeared to be an assistant, was superintending the driving of a heiffer yearling cowalong side of a table, in which were several holes in either corner big enough to admit the entrance of a half inch rope.

This table was a queer sort of an arrangement. It was probably the usual length, perhaps less, of a common dinner table, but much larger than the average, and had the usual number of legs. But a closer scrutiny of the legs on one side showed me that they were hinged—a sort of a knee being thus made. The lower part of these two legs could thus be bent inwardly.

By dint of coaxing and considerable pushing the bovine, a fine, healthy looking yonng cow, was driven alongside this table. When the men thought that the position of the animal with referto the table was about right, the hinges were bent and thus the table was placed by the cow's side, forming for the time one side of a stall.

Above the table, attached to the joists of the shed, were several ropes with pulleys. When all was ready two bands (of leather, perhaps,) four inches in width, were adjusted around the belly of the bewildered but docile animal, and the ends of these bands met beneath the pulley over the centre of the table. The animal thus stood like it was ready to be hoisted from the ground.

This was not the intention exactly. This rope, it was seen, was fastened to to one side of the table, so that when a brawney-armed employee pulled on the rope tne lower side of the table came up, which, pressing against the side of the cow, lifted it from all fours. Cow and table moved at the same time, the latter losing all control of itself, and, much against its will, was laid prone on tne low level surface, like a subject ready for the dissecting knife. A man rushed to the animal's head and held it firmly down, while the four legs made ineffectual attempts to do mischief.

In vain. Deftly but firmly ropes were placed through the holes in the lower corners of the table, and afterward tightly tied around the legs just above the hoofs. No more kicking now with the feet. The limbs however, on the opposite side of the cow were still at liberty, rendering it very unsafe to be in that vicinity.

In a moment or two these also were tied and pulleys were forced wide apart, giving the animal the appearance of a huge thing with slender wings.

Now, apparently everything was prepared for the operation whatever it was.

At this juncture I stepped up to a young man, whom I afterwards learned was Dr. Ervin Heyl, former City Physician of Columbus, and asked him what it all meant.

Said he, "We are about to inoculate this heiffer with Beaugency virus in order to get another supply of vaccine matter."

"Ah, ha! That's it, is it? Well, we'll see how it is done."

The Doctor then took a razor and began to shave the hair from the cow's udder. This being accomplished in a few minutes, he next produced a sharp-pointed instrument and made about three dozen incisions upon the bare surface of the udder or bag which holds the milk. This being done, the parts were thoroughly sponged dry, after which he took from a glass tube a small amount of queer-looking stuff, and applied it to each incision made by the aid of a tiny piece of ivory, pointed at one end. This completed the job. It did not take long, and in a short time the cow was loosened from the cords, the pulleys were adjusted, and the animal was placed upright, or in her original position as easily as she had been pinioned. By and by she was driven into a stall, and her head fastened in such a way that she could not get a chance to apply her tongue to the part operated upon and when the itching began.

"How long will it be, doctor, before it will 'take?'"

"About seven days. At the end of that time we can get enough pure, healthy virus to vaccinate thousands of persons."

"What is that stuff you put on the cow?"

"It is what is known as Beaugency virus, from the fact that near the town of Beaugency, France, this matter is 'raised' under the supervision of the French Government, and is imported into this country. The 'seed' which I am using was obtained fram Dr. Martin, of Boston Highlands, who got it direct from Beaugency."

"What do you do after the seven days have elapsed?"

"The cow is again trussed up, and then we dip these little points into the matter, a clear water fluid, which exudes from the pores, and after drying them thoroughly apply the virus to people who come to be vaccinated to escape small-pox.

COAL ASHES.—Coal ashes are not as valuable for fertilizers as they are for other purposes. We know of no better absorbent than coal ashes, and we are surprised to see large, unsightly piles of such ashes lying around dwellings, when they might be profitably used in the privy vaults and for absorbing the sewage from the house. There is very little, if any, free alkali in them so that they never liberate ammonia, but rather absorb it, also absorbing other offensive smells. Coal ashes could also be used to advantage in the hog pen, but much of their value depends upon the temperature at which they are burned. Ashes from furnaces are frequently vitrified; that is, they are burned at such a high temperature that they are dissolved to a certain extent. When this is the case, they make excellent garden walks. Their mechanical effects upon the soil are excellent; they render stiff clayey soils more porous, and, strange as it may appear, they render a sandy soil more compact. We have frequently spread them upon grass lands, and have been satisfied of their beneficial effects there; but have not yet determined whether the benefits arose from their mechanical effects in breaking the continuity of the sod, or from the small amount of alkali they contained.—*Boston Cultivator.*

GOATS AS SHEEP GUARDIANS.—The farmers of Hunterdon and Somerset counties, New Jersey, use goats to protect their sheep from dogs, and two are about all a farmer puts in with his sheep. As soon as a dog enters the field at night the goats attack him, and their butting propensities are too much for the canine, who soon finds himself rolling over and over. A few repetitions of this treatment causes the dog to quit the field, limping and yelling. Formerly, when a dog entered a sheep field at night, the sheep would run around wildly and cry piteously. Since the goats have been used to guard them they form in line behind the goats and seem to enjoy the fun. The idea of utilizing goats in this way came from the West, where they are put in the sheep pens to drive away wolves.

—A farmer of experience in wool growing says that there is more money in growing wool at even twenty cents a pound than in loaning at ten per cent. interest.

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